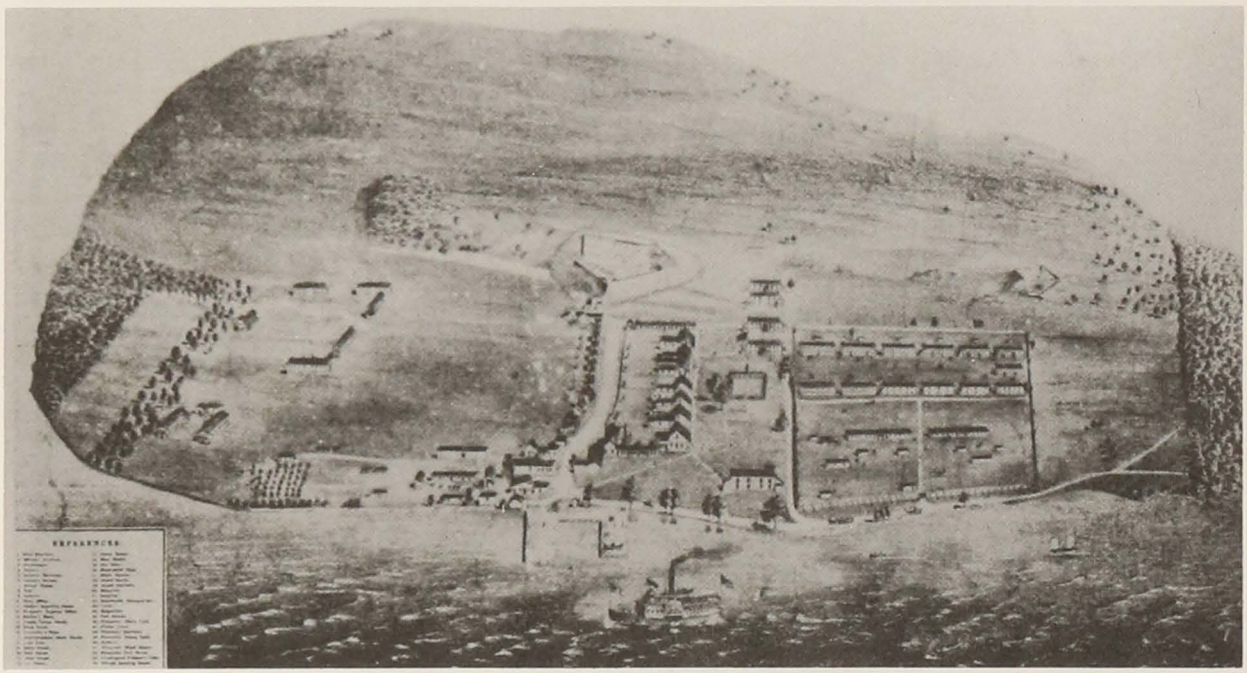
.714005
SEP 2 5 1963

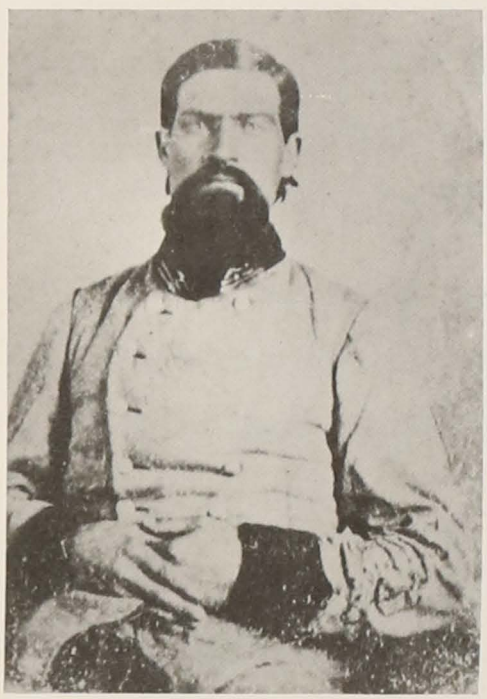
FLASHBACK *published by the*
WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Vol. XIII, No. 4 | W. J. Lemke, editor | October, 1963

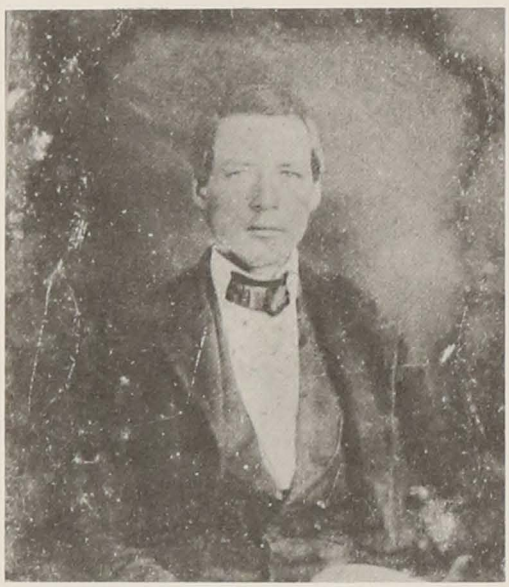
JOHNSON'S ISLAND, OHIO



Ohio Historical Society



CAPT. W. H. HOLCOMB



CAPT. EVANS ATWOOD

Two Confederate officers from Springdale who were prisoners on Johnson's Island

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS
LIBRARY

FLASHBACK *published by the*

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Vol. XIII No. 4 W.J.Lemke, editor October 1963

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

1. Jim VanHoose sees President Lincoln and obtains pass to visit his brother George on Johnson's Island.
by Mildred Mayhill Crawford

2. Evans Atwood of Springdale, prisoner-of-war, (including his list of northwest Arkansas men on Johnson's Island.
by Eva Atwood

3. The Federal prison on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, Ohio.
reprinted from Museum Echoes

4. Capt. H. P. Greene writes to his grandson from Johnson's Island. by Robert A. Greene

5. Letter of Dr. Thos. J. Pollard of Fayetteville,
by Fadjo Cravens, Jr.

6. Karnes-Winn Family history, by Lyda Winn Pace

7. My class-mate, Jobelle Holcombe, by Hattie Williams

8. History Day at Dutch Mills, by W. J. Lemke

9. Florence Wilson, teacher of Cherokee girls,
by Margaret Ann Troutman

10. Fly Creek has school observance, by Mary Cox

11. Iowa soldier visits Fayetteville, by Wm. B. Hesseltine

12. WCHS publishes history of Tontitown

Also, 10 pages of pictures, news notes, etc.

With this number, FLASHBACK concludes its 13th volume. Our next issue will be January 1964, beginning Volume 14 of Arkansas' oldest county historical publication.

Introduction to the VanHoose story

(Editor's note: We take special pleasure in presenting the article that follows, because it records a most unusual Civil War incident -- the visit of a Fayetteville, Arkansas citizen (ex-Mayor, Master of the Masonic Lodge, etc.) to Washington, D.C., to secure the help of the President of the United States, named Abraham Lincoln, in his effort to visit his brother in a Federal prison on Johnson's Island, Ohio. The Fayetteville citizen was James Hayden VanHoose. The brother whom he sought to visit was George VanHoose who had been captured in the battle at Iuka, Miss. By sheer nerve, and luck, J.H."Jim" VanHoose of Fayetteville was able to secure a pass to visit the tightly guarded Federal prison on Johnson's Island, because of a personal appeal he made to President Lincoln. His visit to the White House and his subsequen visit to Johnson's Island are described by Mrs.W.E.R.Crawford of Palm Springs, California. Her husband is a direct descendant of the pioneer VanHoose family of Middle Fork, Washington County. It's one of many cases where the wife does the research on her husband's family.

Mrs. Crawford is a newspaper woman and Big Names are grist to her mill. But she still stutters when she enters the realm of her husband's people in Washington County, Ark. -- the VanHoose, Mankins, Lewis, and related families. She knows that her home town of Palm Springs, Calif. is a johnny-come-lately but that the VanHooses were on Middle Fork 125 years ago. The Palm Springs pioneers play golf. But there is no golf on Middle Fork. And never has been.

Anyway, it was a real pleasure to greet Bill and Hildy Crawford on their visit to Fayetteville June 13-14. This was not their first visit. They have been here before,but they always learn something more about their pioneer ancestors. This time, they located the exact site of the VanHoose family graveyard, between Park Avenue in Fayetteville and the Richardson home on Pollard Avenue. Every abstract for property in that section probably carries a provision for a VanHoose cemetery "forever" but try to find it now. Buried here, just above Fayetteville's city park, is Peter P. VanHoose, who taught in Ozark Institute at Mt.Comfort and practiced law in Fayetteville; and three other vanHooses, and his mother-in-law, a Mrs. Gregg. The tombstones were long ago removed and destroyed. Peter VanHoose's brother, James Hayden VanHoose, was luckier. He married Melinda McIlroy, daughter of the town banker, and she and her husband sleep in Evergreen Cemetery, Fayetteville, just a few yards from the William McIlroy lot.

We have no intention of writing a history of Johnson's Island, which has been thoroughly explored by the Ohio Historical Society. However, we'll bet the Ohio Historical Society doesn't know that several Confederate officers from Arkansas, who were imprisoned on Johnson's Island, kept diaries -- which are still available. Flashback itself has published extracts from the diaries of Capt. Bill Holcomb and Capt. Evans Atwood, both of Springdale. We have also seen the notebook kept by Capt. George VanHoose which is in the keeping of the Captain's daughter in Fayetteville. It contains a list of his fellow prisoners on Johnson's Island, 1864-65.

On the pages following Mrs.Crawford's VanHoose article is an interesting letter from Johnson's Island, some material from Capt.Atwood's diary, and a history of the prison from the Ohio Historical Society's Museum Echoes. -- WJL)

A FAYETTEVILLE MAN, ON AN UNUSUAL ERRAND, MEETS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

by Mildred Mayhill Crawford

The last year of the war found the VanHoose family scattered. Elizabeth, who had been teaching school in Ouachita County, was awaiting the birth of her first child and the return of her husband from Texas. George was a prisoner on Johnson's Island, Ohio, and Peter was still confined to the limits of Springfield, Mo. -- a confinement which was never to end for him until he was taken back to Fayetteville, Ark. for burial.

In Fayetteville, James H. (Jim) VanHoose was lonesome following the death of his wife Melinda (McIlroy) in the autumn of 1864. Despite his civic obligations as Master of Washington Lodge No. 1 and his economic efforts as agent for the New York Life Insurance Company, he missed his family. So he went to Springfield to be near Peter and Zach.

It was while he was there that word came about George. This word was indirect but it brought the dismaying information that George was ill. Then came a scribbled letter from George himself, saying that he feared he could not endure the cold winds of Lake Erie unless he had warmer clothing. He added that it seemed doubtful he would survive another winer. It aroused deep concern in his brothers.

"Jim", said Peter, "I can't leave Springfield and Zach is needed here so it's up to you to get to George and see what can be done to help him." He added, "I think you'll have to go to Washington to get permission from someone having authority. I can give you a letter of introduction to Senator Powell, whom I met in Kentucky, and I think other letters can be arranged for, possibly through Masonic friends."

Jim packed his bag and was off, determined to help his brother in a Northern prison. With him he carried a letter from Gen. John S. Sanborn, Commandant of the Post at Springfield, addressed to Senator Ramsey of Minnesota. He stopped off in St. Louis to confer with A.O. Sullivan, Grand Secretary of the Lodge of Missouri, who gave him a letter to Past Grand Master B.B. French in Washington. No possible source of help was overlooked.

Illness caused him to break his journey in Indianapolis, and it was by coincidence that he met Col. M. LaRue Harrison there. The Colonel too gave him a letter to Senator Ramsey. Two years earlier, Colonel Harrison, then Commander of the Post of Fayetteville, and his staff were quartered in the Tebbetts house on East Dickson street, across the street from the VanHoose home. He was just back from Washington.

From Indianapolis Jim VanHoose went to Philadelphia to personally settle some old accounts, and from these merchants with whom he had done business, he secured more letters. It was the 17th of February 1865 when he left Philadelphia, with his letters of introduction in his pocket, greenbacks in his purse, and hope in his heart.

Senator Powell was his first contact when he reached the capital and a sympathetic one. He then paid his respects to French, who was commissioner of public buildings, after which he presented himself at the

Senate chambers where he asked for a page. The alert lad accepted the card on which Jim had written "J. H. VanHoose of Arkansas with letters for Senator Ramsey", and disappeared.

The Senator soon came, inquiring "Where is the gentleman from Arkansas with letters for Senator Ramsey?" He greeted his visitor and ushered him into his office. "Make yourself at home. You'll find pen and ink and writing paper if you have any letter writing to do, and I'll be back shortly." Jim sat and stared into space for a long half hour, reviewing his plan of campaign and dreading the thought of wasting weeks or even months in Washington, waiting in one anteroom after another.

The Senator returned and talked with Jim and gave him a letter to Secretary of War Stanton. He described VanHoose as an honorable man, stating that his brother was sick in prison and that it would be an act of humanity to grant his request to see him. By this time it had begun to rain,so Senator Ramsey escorted his visitor under an umbrella to Pennsylvania Avenue and helped him aboard a street car that would take him to the door of the War office.

Jim VanHoose swung off the street car as it halted near the War office. He unbuttoned his overcoat and removed his hat to shake the rain from it. He stroked the wetness from his bushy beard that hung to his chest. There wasn't any question a out it -- he was dreading confronting the Secretary of War who had no reputation for amiability.

Inside,his reception was courteous enough but not particularly friendly. He presented the letter from Senator Ramsey and watched as Stanton scanned the page rapidly. "Sir," said Stanton cooly, "I cannot grant your request. No one can, but the President." "But how am I to reach the President?" asked VanHoose. "Go to him like any other American citizen", Stanton suggested, folding the letter he held. VanHoose extended his hand, "Please let me have Senator Ramsey's letter to show to President Lincoln", he requested. Stanton opened the drawer of his desk and dropped the letter inside. "No sir", he said, I'll keep the letter, and you might tell Sen.Ramsey that I saw for him to be more cautious."

Frustrated by Stanton's attitude, VanHoose's lean shoulders sagged a bit as he left the building. There was a sinking feeling, connected with the fear that friendliness to a Rebel stranger from Arkansas might bring trouble to the Senator from Minnesota. Van Hoose turned his footsteps toward the White House.

VanHoose took his place at the end of the line of well-dressed men and women, slowly winding its way through the front door. It was receiving day at the White House. As he approached the spot where the Lincolns stood greeting the visitors, he debated whether he should halt the rapidly moving line and speak to the President now. VanHoose framed several speeches, but when the moment came and his handwas gripped by the big bony hand of the President, all he found to say was "How do you do?" before he fouhd himself bowing to Mary Todd Lincoln. The next moment it was all over and the opportunity was gone.

Dejectedly he returned to his hotel and went early to bed. He tossed and turned in the unaccustomed bed and tugged mentally at the problem of how to reach the President. It was early Sunday morning before he slept and dreamed that he and George were boys again swimming in Jenny's Creek back in their old Kentucky home.

unrefreshed, he arose, dressed, and went out looking for a church, seeking guidance. After the benediction, he felt better as he walked up the aisle and he took it as a good omen when an officer in full uniform stopped him and introduced himself. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I am Capt. W.S.Johnson and my wife has sent me to hunt you up and invite you to dinner with us. She said you'd remember her as Sis Onstott of Fayetteville." "Well, I should say I do," VanHooose exclaimed delightedly; "Sis was one of Fayetteville's fairest flowers and I've known her since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. Why, I boarded at the Onstott house when I first came to Fayetteville. It will be an honor and a pleasure to accept your invitation."

Captain Johnson escorted his guest to his home, where his wife welcomed J. H. VanHoose like an old friend and delved deep into the war years inquiring about her many friends in Fayetteville. Good food and good company renewed VanHoose's spirits and that evening he met Senator Ramsey again. "Ah, my Arkansas friend," the Senator exclaimed, "How did you fare with Stanton?"

Ruefully, VanHoose waggled his beard. "Not too well, I'm afraid. I hope I haven't earned your displeasure too. When he read your note, he said he couldn't help me and sent you some advice." "How's that", inquired the Senator."He said to tell you to be more cautious." "Cautious the devil" exploded the Senator. "I know what I'm doing and we'll figure out a way to get you to Lincoln." He thought for a moment. "Now I'll tell you what to do. The President is an early riser and the first who are entitled to an audience with him are members of the Cabinet, then Senators, then Congressmen, and finally citizens. Few Senators and Congressmen arise as early as the President, so by going before they do, you are more likely to gain admittance. You try that first, and then, if you don't make it, let me know and I'll go with you and we'll get you to the President's ear some way," he promised.

Hastening to the White House on Monday morning, VanHoose was startled to hear cannon fire and noted people hurrying toward the Navy Yard. When he arrived at the front entrance of the White House, he addressed the sentinel, "I would like to see the President." "The President has gone to the War Office," the sentinel told him. "Don't you hear those big guns? Good news has just been received of the fall of Charleston and Columbia."

VanHoose entered the door and walked into the East Room. As he sauntered around the room, eyeing the portraits of all the Presidents from Washington to Lincoln,his thoughts were busy with the past. He thought of the death-dealing destruction of this War Between the States and of the cost to the border states. The cannon roared again. He turned up his coat collar and went out into the cold wind.

Two men passed him as he paced up and down, his hands thrust into his pockets, and the sentinel called to him, "The President has returned. Secretary Seward and Secretary Stanton have just gone in." VanHoose thanked him and re-entered the building, where he strode impatiently up and down in front of the Presidential office, hoping the two Cabinet members would finish their audience and leave before others arrived.

The door opened and this time it was someone he knew and his face brightened as he recognized the friendly Senator Powell from Kentucky. The Senator introduced the man with him as "one of the Clays of Kentucky", son of Henry Clay, the statesman.

"Have you been in to see the President yet, VanHoose?" the Senator inquired. VanHoose shook his head and Powell said, "Well, I can take two friends in with me as well as one.....Ushered into the executive office with his two friends, VanHoose stood quietly while Senator Powell introduced Clay."I'm glad to meet the gentleman from Kentucky," acknowledged Lincoln, "especially one bearing the honored name of Clay. What can I do for you, my friend?".....

Clay said, "There's a widow woman living near the Ohio River on the Kentucky shore, whose only son has been captured by the Union troops. He was released on parole but confined to the limits of Ohio. His father died during his captivity and his mother needs her son to come home and arrange for making a crop before spring comes."

(Editor's note: We here omit several paragraphs from Mrs. Crawford's article. They include an anecdote that Lincoln related to the visitors and an interruption when Senator Morgan of New York arrived for a special conference. -- WJL)

Lincoln turned to VanHoose. "What can I do for you?" he inquired. The two tall men stood regarding each other gravely.

"Mr.President," VanHoose began, "I want permission to visit my brother, Capt. George VanHoose, who has been a prisoner on Johnson's Island since Iuka. He's in desperate circumstances and they tell me that you are the only man who can get me in to see him."

A big bony hand grasped each lapel of the Lincoln coat with a firm grip as he listed to the request. Slowly he shook his head. "Van Hoose, I can't do it," he said regretfully. Jim urged "We have placed all our hopes in your leniency, Mr. President. We have had word that George is not well and needs small comforts that I might be able to get for him. It might mean the difference in whether he survived this winter or not."

"It will make a great difference to the VanHoose family," Jim said simply. "Can't you make this exception?"

The deep-set eyes studied him briefly, and then Lincoln turned back to the desk and picked up the pen. "What is your given name?" he asked. "My initials are J.H.", VanHoose told him and watched as the President wrote, "Allow the bearer, J.H.VanHoose, to visit his brother at Johnson's Island." As he started the letter "A" in his signature, VanHoose stopped him impulsively. "Wait a minute," he said urgently. "Mr.President, please say that I may be allowed to give him some food and clothing."

At this, Lincoln lifted his left hand in an impatient gesture. "Yes, there it is. In other words, you want to set him up and make him comfortable."

"Not what you would call comfortable, not what I would call comfortable, but what to him would be a very great comfort -- warm clothing and wholesome food." There was pleading in VanHoose's voice and in his eyes.

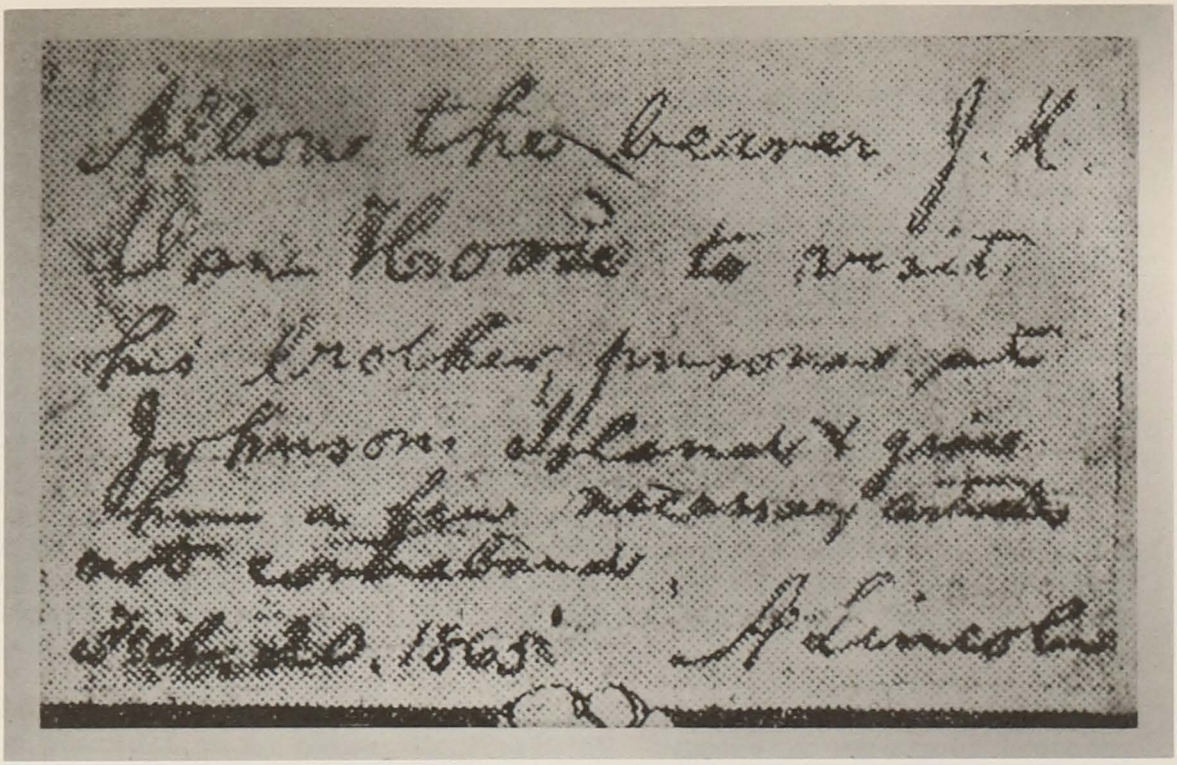
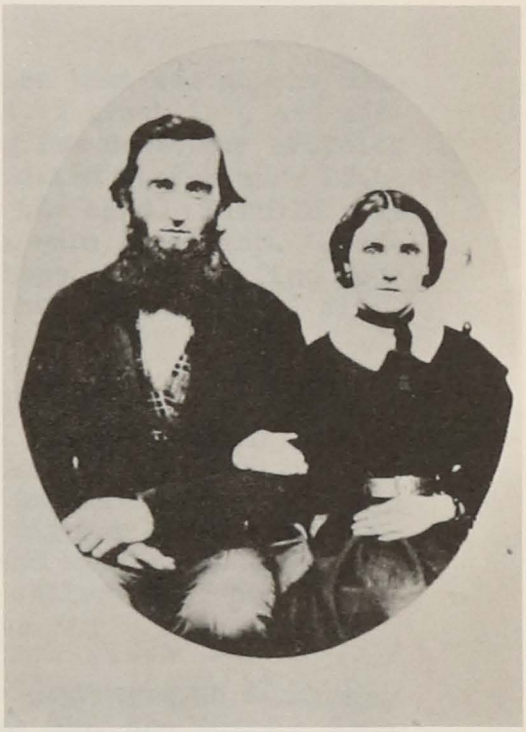


Photo from W. E. R. Crawford, VanHoose descendant



JAMES H. VAN HOOSE
and first wife, Malinda McIlroy

(At left: James H. Van Hoose as Eminent Commander, Knights Templar. Photo made Sept. 15, 1868.)

Lincoln continued as though he had not heard what was almost an interruption. "They have rebelled against the government. We have spent millions of dollars and sacrificed thousands of lives trying to subdue them. We capture them and put them in places of safety where they can do us no more harm. Now, if we allow their friends and sympathizers to go to them at pleasure, administer to their wants, thereby giving them aid and encouragement, can we ever hope to conquer them?"

VanHoose's voice was protesting. "Mr.President," he said, "there are some men who can be conquered by kindness much sooner than by harsh treatment. Sir, my brother and I and all our kinfolks were Union men and opposed secession until Arkansas seceded. Another brother, Peter, who is a lawyer, spoke against it in town meeting and is now a prisoner of war confined to Springfield. After Arkansas seceded, George and our youngest brother Bud felt their first duty was to our state and they enlisted in the Confederate army. They were no conscripts. They volunteered and did what they considered their duty, until both were captured at the battle at Iuka, Miss."

VanHoose thought he detected a flicker of sympathy on Lincoln's face. "Put yourself in my place, Mr.President. Suppose it were your brother, with whom you had played in childhood in your old Kentucky home. Suppose that he were in poor condition in this prison and you had the means to relieve his pressing wants. Would you let him die without an effort to help him?"

Throwing up his left hand in a friendly fashion that was at the same time a yielding, Lincoln ejaculated "I grant it. I grant it", and added these words to the card.... "and give him a few necessary articles not contraband." He signed it "A. Lincoln" and dated it February 20th, 1865. The President half turned and handed Jim the card. Lincoln rose slowly and extended his hand to give VanHoose a warm handclasp. "Goodbye, sir," he said, "I wish you success. I hope you may find your brother alive and that he may live to be an honorable and useful citizen of this government."

As the door closed behind them, Senator Powell brought his hand down on VanHoose's shoulder with a mighty whack. "I knew you would make it a short horse, quick curried," he exclaimed. "Damn a man who would not have granted such a request as yours." They parted company and Van Hoose walked down the White House steps with a lighter heart than when he had entered them a few hours earlier.....and with a new opinion of Abraham Lincoln. Here was no tyrant, as some called him, but a just man of stern exterior and kindly heart.

Leaving Washington without delay, VanHoose journeyed to Sandusky, Ohio, and established himself in the Rock Hotel near the wharf. From his room he could look out across the ice-floored Lake Erie and see the flag fluttering as it was lowered at sundown from where it floated over Johnson's Island. He said a silent prayer for his brother George and the other unfortunates who must be shivering with the cold.

VanHoose talked with the clerk at the desk. "How do I get across to Johnson's Island?" he inquired, explaining his mission there.

The clerk said, "The only safe way is on skates." This was an alarming bit of news that obviously took VanHoose aback. "I've never been on skates in my life," he said. Two boys who had been bundling them-

selves in jackets and caps and scarves, overheard the conversation and came forward to offer assistance. "We might get you across on our sled-boat", they offered.

He met them the following morning. The boat turned out to be a light copper skiff with steel runners, like the runners of a sleigh, and rigged with a sail to give it wings. VanHoose eyed it skeptically but seated himself upon it. The boys buckled on their skates and each took an oar in hand and started off, pulling the boat behind them as they crossed the frozen expanse of Lake Erie. Johnson's Island lay ice-bound in Sandusky Bay, rimed with snow.

His long legs folded onto the boat sled, and his mittened hands grasping the ends of the shawl that held on his hat, VanHoose couldn't help but see the weak places in the old ice, where water made a thin coating. His feet were numb with cold and his nose burned with it.

"Don't worry, Mister", the older boy advised him. "We'll get you across. Just hang on and if we come to a weak spot where the ice cracks, stay in the boat. It's big enough to float all of us."

As they drew nearer the island, the tiny figures of the sentries were visible, walking from one post to the next in the great fence that enclosed the 17-acre prison, and the cannon in front of the fort that stood on the high point of the island. Curiously, VanHoose studied the cluster of buildings where men had frozen to death on that terrible New Year's Day in 1864.....

As he drew near his goal, VanHoose felt his pulse quicken. He knew that somewhere back of those walls was his brother George. Bidding the boys wait for him, he crawled painfully off the sled and approached the sentry who had been watching their approach with his rifle at alert. The sentry challenged him: "What's your business here?" "I've come to see my brother who is held prisoner here", vanHoose replied. "There's no admission." "Get me the Provost Marshal," VanHoose demanded. After a short wait, the officer appeared: "Sorry, sir, we have strict orders against visitors."

VanHoose pulled off a glove and reached into his overcoat pocket, drawing out a roll of bills. Plainly the outside bill was a $100 one. The Provost's face flushed angrily and he said"And you can't buy your way in, either."

"Just a minute," VanHoose's voice was soothing, like sorghum stirred with butter; "That's just to protect something much more precious." Carefully he unfolded the bills and pulled out the Lincoln card. He presented it ceremoniously. The officer inspected the card and the sentry too learned to peer over his shoulder. It was the sentry who cried out "Lincoln! Abe Lincoln! You could take a whole regiment in on that!"

The Provost Marshal said more quietly, "Step this way, please," and ushered him into the warm waiting room and then into headquarters of Colonel Hill, commanding officer. VanHoose took off his overcoat and paced the floor impatiently until the Colonel appeared from an inner room. It was evident that he had been told the reason for VanHoose's visit, for he said immediately, "My dear sir, I cannot grant your request. I have positive orders that no one is to be allowed to speak to a prisoner. If Secretary Seward himself came here desiring to see a prisoner, I would not allow him to do so."

Once more VanHoose reached into his pocket and pulled out the roll of currency. Unfolding the bills he pulled out the card, saying "I have a trump card I would like to play."

"You must have something of value there, judging by the valuable wrapping," Colonel Hill remarked good-humoredly. He took the card and glanced at it, and then stared at it awe-struck.

It was late afternoon, with another crossing of the Bay still ahead, so VanHoose turned to the Colonel and asked, "May I see my brother now and find out what he needs the most, so I can return to Sandusky and buy supplies to bring back tomorrow morning?"

The Colonel hesitated. Jim said simply, "If I can only see him once, then I would prefer to send him a note and find out what he wants most." Colonel Hill hemmed. "Well, a strict interpretation of my orders would allow only one interview, but as you are only the second man to come here with a pass signed by the President, I'll let you see your brother twice." He wrote on a card, "Capt. George VanHoose", and handed it to an orderly. "Fetch this prisoner here," he ordered.

Jim VanHoose had not seen his brother in three years. He dreaded the changes those years might have wrought. He knew his brother was not well and he dreaded that the orderly might return with a report that George was dead. He was conscious, too, of the other men in the room, Lt.Follett, the adjutant; the quartermaster and the examining surgeon, who had gathered to watch the reunion.

The door opened. This was not the dashing Captain who had led his men in the fighting at Iuka, who stood in the doorway. Here was a big man, his frame emaciated, who was shivering slightly in a thin and ragged suit of Gray, that was more of a prison gray than that of battle dress. His hair straggled about his shoulders and he had acquired a long and bushy beard. His eyes were deeply sunk in his face. He clutched a battered campaign hat nervously. Only the VanHoose nose retained its arrogance. Glancing neither right nor left, he halted in front of Colonel Hill.

"I await your pleasure, sir," he said stiffly, and from the tone of his voice Jim knew he had no idea why he had been brought to the office. "There's someone here to see you," the Colonel said, indicating the visitor.

George looked around, unbelieving. "Jim, God bless you!" his voice rose incredulously and he was laughing and crying at the same time as the two men embraced each other. The guard blew his nose fiercely and left the room. The Colonel too, pulled out a red bandanna and used it freely. George trembled in his brother's arms. "Jim," he said, "I thought they were bringing me out to shoot me. I threatened a guard this morning." He turned to the Colonel, "This is worth two years of imprisonment," he said.

The Colonel handed him the Lincoln pass. "This is what brought you this unlooked-for pleasure. It's from the hand of that good man you have been fighting against." Reading the pass, George exclaimed "Abraham Lincoln! Bully for Abraham! This is one act of the administration that Iandorse whole-heartedly."

The Colonel dismissed the orderly, then turned back to the VanHoose brothers. "Why don't you sit down on that sofa there and have a good talk? I'll be back shortly."

"How's Pa?...and what do you hear from Elizabeth?....Was Bud wounded at Iuka?...and how's the war going?" asked the man who had been shut away from his family and the world for two long years. He asked, too, about his black boy Bob, who followed him all through the war and cried when he couldn't go to prison with his master, but Jim had no word of him and he was never heard of again.

They sat and talked about family affairs, what Arkansas would be like if the Confederacy lost, as seemed more and more certain, and about what they would do after the war was over. Jim pulled out the big roll of bills and showed it to his brother. "This is to buy whatever you need most." "I could use something to eat, Jim," said George eagerly. "We've been catching rats and cooking them, like we used to cook a fat juicy rabbit overa campfire in the woods when we were boys."

Jim said, "It appears you could use some meat on those bones. Well, I've got to get back across that ice and get to the store." He pulled a notebook out of his pocket. "I see you need some warm clothes," he said as he wrote it down. "Give me a pencil" demanded George and he wrote down, "Bacon, lard, flour, coffee, sugar, butter, molasses."

A bugle sounded and the two brothers arose and walked together to the gate, with the orderly trailing them. There was so much to say and so little time to say it. "Be of good cheer, George," Jim said. "I'll be back tomorrow with a pack of victuals." Seeking out his boat and the boys who had built a bonfire to warm their hands and toes, Jim recrossed the Bay.

Landing at the wharf, Jim hastened to the general store where kerosene lamps shone on the wealth of supplies. He bought with a lavish hand. Sturdy and warm clothes and blankets for the chill prison, a corncob pipe and supply of smoking tobacco, and a small Testament. He ransacked the grocery shelves for the articles George had asked for and added such luxuries as soap and matches, dried fruits and crackers, jam and a small cheese. As a special treat he arranged with the cook at the hotel to bake a fruit pie and he carried that across himself when he returned to the prison the next morning. He unloaded the sled and hired the boys to help carry the boxes and bundles to the prison where they were stacked in headquarters awaiting the Colonel's inspection.

When George appeared, with a happy smile on the face that had been so forlorn the day before, Jim handed him the pie. "You've fair saved my life, Jim," George bellowed as he picked up the pie in his hands and took an enormous bite out of it." "I've always wanted to tackle a pie this way and now I'm going to do it." The sugary juice trickled from his mouth and his eyes rolled at the delicious flavor. It did Jim's heart good to watch him, and Colonel Hill, who came into the office right then, laughed aloud at the sight. Jim waved at the boxes and packages and invited him to search for anything contraband. "I do not wish to pry into the private affairs of Gentlemen," said the Colonel. He bowed and left.

The brothers knew the time had come for separating. Jim said, "It appears this war can't last much longer. If we had the supplies we could lick them, but we haven't. It won't be too long before you'll be home again."

Before Jim left, George reached inside his shirt and pulled out a sheet of paper. "Here's something for Lizzie," he said. It was a crude but easily recognizable sketch of himself. "One of my bunk-mates, a Major John C. Smith of Missouri, drew it. I think Lizzie might like to have it." "I know she would," Jim said, and embraced his brother in farewell. Watching him go through the door, he wondered when and where they would meet again.

He talked with the Colonel once more before he left and was permitted to leave his brother some silver coins, which the prisoners used to make jewelry. He also left greenbacks on deposit for his brother's use, and the Colonel gave him a receipt for $20. "Call upon me at Springfield, Mo. if you need more," Jim begged. "I don't think the war will last much longer," Colonel Hill answered. "You should persuade your brother to take the oath of allegiance and take him home with you." "No," said Jim, "It would be a waste of breath. I spoke to George about it already and his answer was that he would not give up hope while there are any Confederates left in the field, or while General Lee is still alive."

Thanking the Colonel for his many courtesies, VanHoose left on the tiresome journey back to Springfield, Mo., happy at having accomplished what he set out to do.

THE ARKANSAS FAMILY HISTORIAN

As most of our readers know, our Society publishes the Arkansas Family Historianfor the Arkansas Genealogical Society. This magazine is produced by the same mechanical staff and on the same duplicating machine that produces our Flashback. We share overhead expenses but nobody gets paid for either genealogical or historical work.

Some of our readers may like to know that the October number of the Family Historian will contain several articles of special interest to Washington County folks. There is Miss Mary Cox's thorough research on "The Morrows and Their Descendants", including the lines of Strickler, Hodges, King, Howell, Andrews, Cline, Blakemore, Rinehart, Keith and more -- many of them with roots in Washington County.

Also of interest to Washington County is Dr.George Byers' article on "The Ralph Skelton Line", since both the pioneer Ralph Skelton and his wife Casania are buried in our county -- Ralph at Baptist Ford and Casania at Sunset.

The Arkansas Family Historian is published by the Arkansas Genealogical Society (membership and subscription $3 per year), Miss Bernice Karnes, secretary. Flashback is published by the Washington County Historical Society ($3 per year), Deane G. Carter, secretary. The two organizations share an office at 12½ E. Center St., Fayetteville, and both get their mail at PO Box 237.

SOME FACTS ABOUT JOHNSON'S ISLAND
(from Museum Echoes, Ohio Historical Society)

Johnson's Island is located in Sanduskt Bay, about three miles from the city of Sandusky to the south. It contains about 300 acres, half of which was leased from the owner for $500 per year. Forty acresof land on the southeast end of the island had already been cleared. It was here that the prison was to be located, with plank fences enclosing the area on three sides and a high picket fence on the water side. Two block houses, a dozen 2-story barracks, storehouses and kitchens were built, with elevated sentry platforms at regular intervals.

On jan. 1, 1862, Major Wm.S.Pierson assumed command of the prison's garrison of 200 men, and on April 10, 1862, the first contingent of 200 prisoners, all Confederate field and staff officers and all labeled "dangerous" arrived.....Three days later Secretary of War Stanton directed that the Johnson's Island depot would be held "as a prison for officers alone."

Aggregating more than 15,000 inmates from 1862 to 1865, the number confined at any one time fluctuated from a low of 40 on May 31, 1863, to a high of 3,200 on Dec.31, 1864, after all exchanges had ceased. In the early months of its operation the prison was regarded favorably by many of its inmates. One prisoner observed, "We have a fine time, have plenty to eat,a good room and bed to sleep in." Another: "Our treatment here is kind and humane; our rations good both in quantity and quality."

In the last year of its operation, however, the prison was quite different. With increasing reports of ill-treatment of Union soldiers in Confederate prisons such as Libby and Andersonville, there came a clamor for a toughening of policy in northern prisons. In early 1864 discipline on Johnson's Island was tightened and the sale of luxuries by the prison sutler was halted. Shipments of clothing and food from the outside were curtailed. Food rations were cut by 20 per cent on April 20, 1864, following which hunger coon became chronic. By the fall of 1864 the daily ration had been reduced to a half-loaf of bread per man, a piece of salt pork, and no vegetables. Men once robust soon became gaunt and emaciated. Rats, once numerous, soon all but disappeared as the prisoners struggled for survival.

With repression predominant and the prospect of exchange virtually nil, the thoughts of the prisoners turned towards plans for escape. Individual and small group efforts had proven futile and in 1863 plans for a mass break-out had failed...In the summer of 1864 there developed a plot which called for the seizure of the U.S.S.Michigan (gunboat) and the steamer Philo Parsons by raiders under the direction of Confederate agents Cole and Beall. The plot reached its climax on Sept.19 1864, when the Parsons was seized by Beall but Cole was apprehended aboard the Michigan before the gunboat's capture could be consummated. Had the Michigan been captured, the garrison on the island must then have been overpowered and the nearly 3,000 prisoners freed.....

Following the close of hostilities, the 128th Ohio Infantry which had been guarding the prison, was ordered disbanded in July 1865. The last remaining prisoners were subsequently released or transferred, and the island returned to its owner.

Left behind were 206 Confederate dead buried in the prison cemetery.

EVANS ATWOOD, Prisoner of War on Johnson's Island

Evans Atwood of Springdale kept a diary while he was a prisoner-of-war on Johnson's Island, Ohio, and later while he was in prison at Point Lookout, Md., and Fort Delaware, Del. This diary is now in the possession of his granddaughter, Miss Eva Atwood of our Society. The contents of the diary were published in the Winter 1953 issue of the Arkansas Historical Quarterly (Vol.XII, No.4).

Atwood was born Nov. 10, 1836 in Illinois. The family moved to Texas in 1840 and came to Washington Co.,Ark. in 1850. When he was 19, Evans Atwood began teaching school near Springdale. He was an expert penman and conducted "writing schools" at various places in Washington County. His war record, according to the Adjutant General's office in Washington, is as follows:

"The records of this office show that EVANS ATWOOD enlisted Nov. 13, 1861 at Camp McCulloch, Ark., was a private in Co. G, 15th (Northwest) Ark. Inftry, CSA, and is reported on roll dated Feb. 28, 1863 as 2nd Lieut. present. Prisoner of war records show him captured at Port Hudson, Miss. (May 1, 1863). Sent to Point Lookout, Md., thence to Johnson's Island, was paroled at Fort Delaware,Del. and sent to CityPoint, Va. for exchange March 7, 1865. No later record found."

In his diary Atwood recorded his capture in the battle of Big Black, Miss., and the transport of the Confederate prisoners to Johnson's Island. In prison his grief was aggravated by letters from his kinfolk in Indiana (Wm. and Mahaly Atwood) and his aunt (Mrs.Alfred Atwood) in Illinois, who sought to persuade him to give up his secession ideas and accept a Federal parole. Evans Atwood copied all of these letters in his diary, including letters from Arkansas friends -- John H. Lichlyter, the Fitzgeralds, Greggs, Piersons, Niccums and others in the Springdale area.

A previously unpublished letter written from Johnson's Island and addressed to Lieut. Evans Atwood, Officers Barracks, Div. 26, Fort Delaware, Del. reads as follows:

Military Prison, Johnson's Island, Ohio
May 13, 1865 (?)

Dear Sir:

Lieut. W.S. Brandon late of your prison left this prison on the 9th of this instance for New Orleans, destination said to be exchange. Before leaving he requested me to write you and ask you,should any funds be sent to Fort Delaware for him, to use them and should any photographs be sent him to send them to him by Lieut.McBride of Div. 29 in case he was sent off for exchange. If he was not, to take special care of them and bring them yourself. He was in fine health and spirits though he had quite a disagreeable time getting over the lake to Sandusky. Please inquire for Lieut. P.B.Frazor and Lieut.Morris, 3rd Conf Co., and Lieut.Roberts, 7th Ala.Cav. and ask them to write me. I have been writing to all of them and can hear nothing from them. Also let me know if you receive this.

Yours respectfully, Your Obt Servt,
L.S.Clayton, Captain, 7th Ala.Cav.

An unusual service that Evans Atwood performed while in prison was to record the names and units of many of his fellow-prisoners. Many were from other states, but here are the names of those from Arkansas.

B. D. Moody, 1st Lt. Co. B, 15th Ark Regt. Captured at Black River, Miss. May 17, 1863. Address: Ozark, Ark.

A. J. RANSOM, Capt. Co.I, 15th Ark Regt. Captured near Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863. Address: Ozark, Ark.

G.W.O.DAVIS, 1st Lt. Co.E, 15th Ark Regt. Captured at the battle of Black River, Miss. May 17, 1863. Address: Dover, Ark.

WM. H. HOLCOMB, Capt. Co.G, NW Ark Infry Vols. Captured at Big Black Bridge, Miss. May 17, 1863. Address: Fayetteville, Ark.

JOHN A. HICKMAN, 1st Lt. Co. B, Batt.Ark.Cav. Captured at Big Black Bridge, Miss. May 17, 1863. Address: Rock Hill, Ark.

ALFRED MITCHELL, 1st Lieut., 15th Ark Inftry. Captured May 17, 1863 at Big Black Bridge, Miss. Address: Boonsboro, Ark.

J. C. LEE, 2nd Lt Co.F, NW 15th Ark Infty. Captured in Miss., May 17 1863. Address: Bentonville, Ark.

JOSEPH PETTY, 2nd Lt. Co.A, 1st Bat. Ark Cav. Captured at Big Black Bridge, Miss., May 14, 1863. Address: Dover, Ark.

T. R. BRANTLY, Capt. of Co.C, 1st Batt of Arkansas Cavalry. Captured at Big Black Riber, Miss., May 17, 1863.

D. A. STUART, Major 15th Regt NW Ark Vol Inf. Captured at Big Black River Bridge, May 17, 1863. Residence: Ozark, Ark.

ISHAM L. ANDREWS, 1st Lt. Co.K, 23rd Ark Regt. Captured at Port Hudson July 1, 1863. Address: Harrisburg, Ark.

H. MOORE, Major 21st Ark Regt. Captured at Big Black Bridge, Miss., May 17, 1863. Address: DuValls Bluff, Ark.

JOHN PARKER, Captain Co.c, 20th Ark Infty. Captured at Black River, Miss., May 17, 1863. Address: Albany, Ark.

G. H. TOBEY, 1st Lieut. Co. F, 1st Batt Ark Cav. Captured at Champions Hill, Miss., May 16, 1863. Address: Norristown, Ark.

DAVID A. ARBUCKLE, Capt. 17th Ark Regt. Captured at Port Hudson, La. Address: Charleston, Ark.

W. C. LOTSPEICH, Lieut. Co.I, 60th Tenn. Captured at Big Black River Miss., May 17, 1863.

F. M. HARE, Capt. 5th Ark Regt. Captured July 19, 1863 in Migs Co., Ohio. Address: Wittsburg, Ark.

J. S. CARTER, 2nd Lt. Co. 7, NW 17th Regt Ark Vols. Captured at Big Black, Miss., May 17, 1863. Address: Dover, Ark.

J. P. CARNAHAN, Capt. 16th Ark Inftry. Captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Address: Cane Hill, Ark.

J. V. SEE, 1st Lieut. 1st Ark Cav, Cabel's Brigade. Captured May 22, 1863. Address: Bentonville, Ark.

P. H. BENSON, 1st Lieut. Co.I, 23rd Ark Regt. Captured at Port Hudson July 8, 1863. Address: Jonesboro, Ark.

S. T. MOORE, 2nd Lieut. Co. F, Kings Regt, Ark Vol Inf. Captured at Helena, Ark. July 4, 1863. Address: Pea Ridge, Ark.

JAMES F. STOUT, Capt. Co.G, 1st Batt Ark Cav. Captured at Big Black Bridge, Miss. May 17, 1863. Address: Hebron, Ark.

E. H. MESSICK, Major 14th Ark Regt. Captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863. Address: Yellville, Ark.

T. J. CAMERON, Lt.Col. 6th Ark Regt. Address: Princeton, Ark.

M. P. ASMUSSEN, Lieut Co.A, 17th Ark Regt, Logan's Cavalry. Surrendered at Port Hudson, La. July 9, 1863. Address: Fort Smith, Ark.

D.P.H.CALDWELL, Lt. Co.K, 18th Ark Inf Regt. Address: Magnolia,Ark.

WM. M. ATWOOD, 2nd Sergt. Co. D, Hunter's Regt, Shelby's Div Col Cav. Address: Fayetteville, Ark.

We asked Miss Eva Atwood to send us any veterans information that she might have that would be of interest to our readers. We were pleasantly surprised when she sent us lists of Civil War veterans who are buried in the Elm Springs cemetery, as well as veterans of World Wars I and II. And asimilar list for Friendship Cemetery, east of Springdale. For the record, here are the names:

Civil War Veterans buried in the Elm Springs Cemetery

John Dowell	Samuel L. Mays	P. B. Hopkins
Josiah H. Wasson	Alphord Baird	David Sturdy
J. H. Farrar	P. Hubbard	G. W. Aaron
John Hargrove	Hayward Thompson	John Mustain
Thomas Downum	Chesley Griggs	John McCoy
George Downum	Samuel Mays	James Kelley
William M. Parks	Leonard Snavely	James Aaron
W. J. Gambill	R. J. Norman	J. N. Baggett
Sylvester Clark	Charles Lynch	B. F. McFarlin
W. M. Jeffries	Edward Standfield	G. W. Venerable
John T. McCamey	J. J. Walls	Robert Farish
Thomas J. Deaver	R. P. Clayton	John Pollick
J. H. Hale	D. D. Revis	J. J. Gardner
Andrew N. Austin	J. H. Hanes	T. J. Sherman
B. H. Greathouse	Wm. Broadrick	David Wilson
Robt. Greathouse	Chas. Kelly	P. Hubbard
		J. C. Roberts

World War I soldiers buried at Elm Springs are as follows:

Paul Waldrip	Henry Ritter	Wm. D. Ennis
Edward O. Brown	Frank Ritter	Clay Patton
	E. Ritter	

World War II soldiers in Elm Springs Cemetery are: Glenn D. Kelley, Jack R. Reed, Max Downum, Glenn G. White, Thomas Holland.

In the Friendship Cemetery are the following Civil War veterans: J. C. Booth, Cyrus Porter, Thomas M. Roberts, H. E. Bass, J. B. Morris, Ezekiel Boyd, John F. Jones, Edward E. Hale, Wm. A. Lewis, N. S. Boyd, J. S. Lewellen. Also,the following veterans of World Wars I and II and the Korean War: James R. Moneyhun, Isom M. Brandon, Harvey W. Calvert, Denton Speck, Billie E. Pointer, B. R. Rogers, Elmer Johnson, Wm. H. Elderton, Richard Lee Carlock, Kenneth L. Farmer, J. R Johnson, and Frank Graham.

Miss Atwood points out that these lists are incomplete and there may be errors. So, we suggest that any of our readers who have information about veterans of all wars who are buried at Elm Springs or Friendship, write to Miss Eva Atwood, 204 Frisco St., Springdale, Ark.

NEWS NOTE

The fall season of activity for our Washington County Historical Society will begin in October, when we will hold an auction sale of historical relics, antiques, old books, prints, and the like. Much of the material was given to the Society by Richard Holcomb, son of the late Mrs. Daisy Young Holcomb. Included are some framed prints, lace, scarves, linens, and some 500 books. You'll get a newsletter from the secretary announcing the date of the sale.

A LETTER from U.S. MILITARY PRISON on JOHNSON'S ISLAND

(Editor's note: Through the courtesy of Dr. Robert A. Greene of Los Angeles, graduate of the University of Arkansas and long-time member of the Washington County Historical Society, we are able to reproduce a letter written by his great-grandfather, H. P. Greene, from the U.S. Military Prison on Johnson's Island, Ohio. The original is in the keeping of Mrs. Ross Kilpatrick of Coolin, Idaho, who is Dr. Robert A. Greene's aunt. The letter was written by Captain Greene of the Confederate army to his young son in Ozark, Mo.)

--- G ---

The War Department in Washington wrote Robert A. Greene as follows: "The records show that Henderson P. Greene, Co. F, 4th Regiment Missouri Infantry, C.S.A., enlisted Dec. 14, 1861. He was elected Captain Feb. 7, 1862...Union records show that he was captured at Fulton, Arkansas, Aug. 23, 1863, sent to Camp Chase, Ohio Nov. 14, 1863, transferred to Johnson's Island where he was paroled and transferred to New Orleans, Jan. 9, 1865. He was received at Fort DeRussy, La. Jan. 23, 1865 by the Confederate agent of exchanges. His name appears on a Historic Roll of the 4th Regiment Missouri Infantry, which shows his age at the time of enlistment as 35 years, born in Tennessee, and was engaged in the battles of Elkhorn, Ark., and Iuka, Corinth and Hachie, Miss."

We wrote to Robert A. Greene, who is a professor of medical Microbiology in the California College of Medicine, 1721 Griffin Ave., Los Angeles 31, Calif., and asked for further information. He wrote us as follows:

Henderson Palmer Greene was born in White Co., Tenn., June 4, 1828. His Parents, Wesley and Catherine (Gentry) Greene,were natives of North Carolina. He had five brothers and two sisters who were born in the period 1817-1833. He married Elmina E. Tillman of Christian Co., Mo., Dec.14, 1854. She died June 1, 1873. His second marriage was to Marida Jane McLofhlin in 1874. I have been told that the sister of his first wife, Elmina E. Tillman, was the wife of Gen. Sterling Price and was related to (probably the aunt) of John N.Tillman, one-time president of the University of Arkansas and later a member of Congress from that state. (I have heard my great-aunts speak of him as "Cousin John", although, in my family, on both sides, the terms uncle, aunt and cousin were used quite freely.)

H. P. Greene had a number of children; two are still living -- Mrs. J. P. Beaty and Mrs. Emma Otelia Edmiston Sharpe, who live at Summers, Washington Co., Arkansas.

My grandfather, William Franklin Greene, was born May 4, 1856 and died Dec. 21, 1913. He was married to Harriet Searcy who, I believe, was the aunt of Lockwood Searcy of Springdale, Ark. In addition to my father, Dr. Lee Olen Greene, I believe that there were other children by this marriage but all died in childhood. His second marriage was to Mrs. Maggie Duncan Marrs. The only surviving child of this marriage is my aunt, Mrs. Ross Kilpatrick of Coolin, Idaho. A sister (or half-sister) of my father was killed in her bed at home by lightning. This was while he was a medical student ca.1902. The family lived at Lowell, Ark., where W.F.Greene was a doctor (Dr.Welch of Fayetteville, who had

been Surgeon in the Confederate Army and a friend of H. P. Greene, was his preceptor). A minister (a "foot-washing" Baptist), he owned the drug store and the telephone company. Incidentally the bolt of lightning which killed his daughter entered the home via a telephone line which connected the drug store and his home.

H. P. Greene had been a member of the Missouri legislature and was later a member of the Arkansas legislature, County Judge of Washington County, and, I believe, a Justice of the Peace at Prairie Grove. His son, W. F. Greene, was a member of the Arkansas legislature and practiced medicine at Lowell, Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove.

My father, Lee Olen Greene, was a graduate of the St.Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons. He practiced medicine at Pea Ridge until his death about 1946. My mother was Eva Dickson of Bentonville. She was the sister of W. A. Dickson who was Circuit Judge of the district which included Benton, Washington and Carroll counties. The late Price Dickson, who was city attorney of Fayetteville, was my cousin.

I remember my great-grandfather, H. P. Greene, quite well. He was a tall man, well over six feet, erect in bearing and he had a "full head" of white hair.; my grandfather was bald. H.P.Greene was erect and maintained a military bearing -- he must have been quite a man. When he was released as a prisoner of war, his earthly possessions consisted of what he wore and whatever allowance was given to discharged Confederate prisoners.

During the war, because of anti-Confederate feeling at Ozark, Mo. where his family lived, they, along with many other Confederate sympathizers moved to the Texas Panhandle. So, when he was discharged at Fort DeRussey, La. he started out on foot for west Texas. He joined another ex-prisoner who had lost a leg and had been given a blind U.S. army mule. Great-grandpa walked from Louisiana to Dallas where the other man had friends who supplied him with crutches, so he gave the blind mule to Grandpa and he rode the mule to Texas where he joined his family. They wanted to return to the Ozarks but not to Missouri but went to Arkansas. When he joined his family, he was nearly forty years old and his assets consisted of what he wore and a few personal items, a flute and the blind mule. With those few assets he re-established his home and raised his family.

---G---

The letter that Captain Greene wrote to his son reads as follows:

U.S. Military Prison,
Johnson's Island, Ohio
March 21st, 1864

My Little Son:

As I am a long way off, and may never see you, your Ma or little Brother again, I trust you will recollect and obey what you are told in this your first letter.

You are but a little boy and just beginning your education. If you improve yourself properly, learn as you should, behave as you should at home, at school, and every where else, it will make you an intelligent Youth, an honored and respected Man. But if you should neglect your time, waste yourself in idleness, in sin or foolishness, you will be

disliked wherever you go. Therefore be kind and obedient to your Ma, your little Brother, your little Cousins, your play mates, school mates, and particularly talk properly and behave nicely when with those who are much older than you are.

Be honest and always tell the truth. Never quarrel with your companions (your playmates) unless they should impose on you, and then defend yourself honestly and bravely. Do nothing that you would be ashamed to have known, and recollect that if you swear or use bad words, tell lies, steal or act mean in any way, you may die and never see me, your Ma, your little Brother, Grand Ma and little Cousins any more. God will take you to that bad world where you will never see us any more. Then be a good Boy, help your Ma, take care of your little Brother, learn all you can at school and when you are at home.

Stand head in your class, obey your teacher and do every thing you can to make yourself intelligent. Be careful how you behave, how you talk, and try and make yourself a Man. If ever I come home, I will reward you, and if I do not come home again, remember what I have told you. Your Ma will read this for you, and when you can, write to me. I am well.

Your Father, H. P. Greene

--- G ---

(Editor's note: Our Washington and Benton County genealogists will be interested in Robert A. Greene's maternal line of descent. His maternal grandparents were Joseph Samuel Dickson Jr. (1839-1909) and Sarah Caladonia Pickens (1846-1884)....They were married 7 Nov. 1868 in Bentonville, Ark.

(His gr-grandparents were Joseph Samuel Dickson (1796-1845)and Mary Hare (1806-1867). Gr-gr-grandparents: Robert Dickson (1773-1848) who married Esther Moore, daughter of Joseph Moore and Polly Denny. Robert Dickson was the son of Gen. Joseph Dickson (ca.1740-1826) and Margaret McEwen (1742-1814).

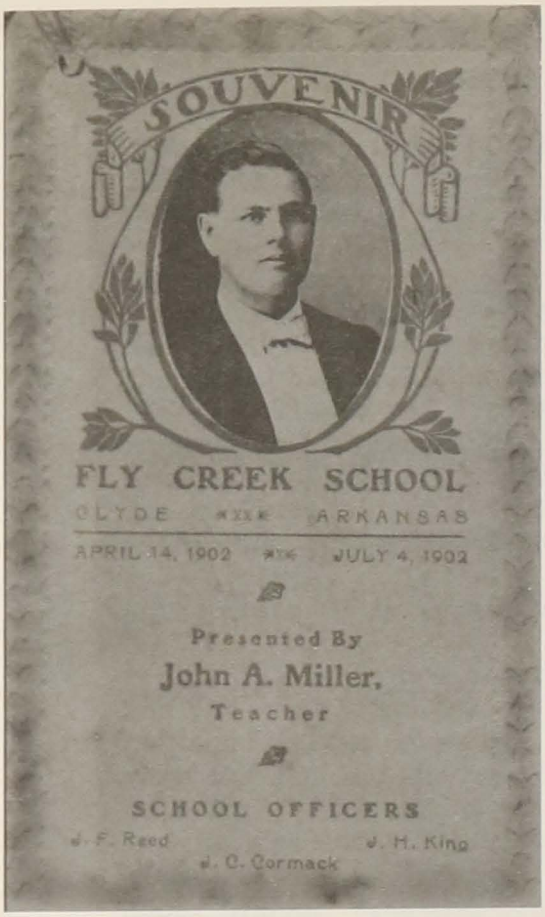
(Our California member of WCHS credits our Allan S. Humphreys for much help in tracing his Greene and Dickson family lines. -- WJL)

REPORT of the STEVENSON-WEST REUNION

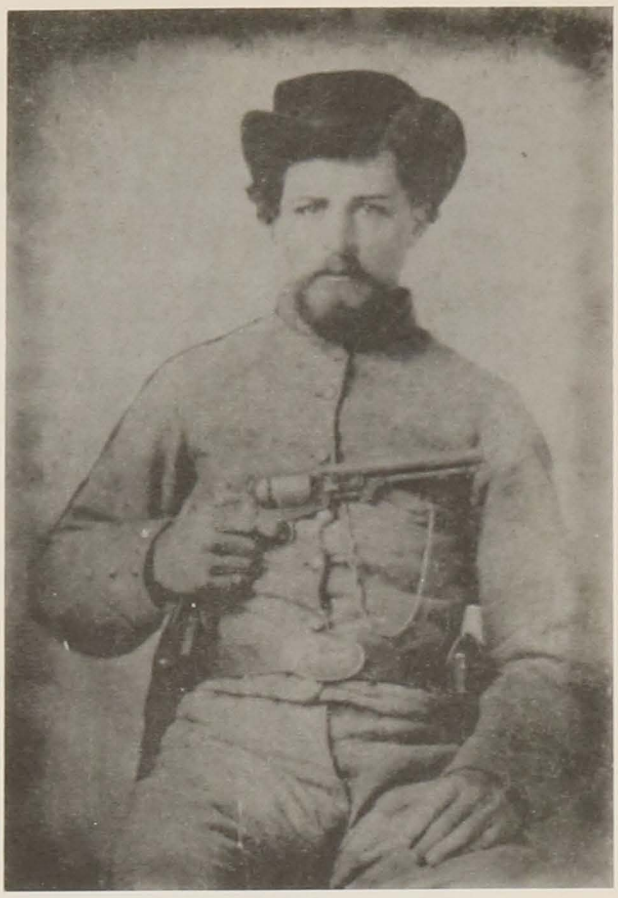
Our Society has received a copy of"The Stevenson-West Reunion". This attractive and newsy magazine of 28 pages and cover, is published each year on the occasion of the annual reunion in VanBuren's city park. Up to this year the reunion has been held on the Sunday before Labor Day, but the 1964 reunion will be held on Father's Day in June.

Ourstanding in the 1963 Reunion Report are articles on James Graham Stevenson II (1803-1865), Dr. James William West, and "Long Ago Memories about Sam Stevenson." There is also a list of births, marriages and deaths that occurred during the past year.

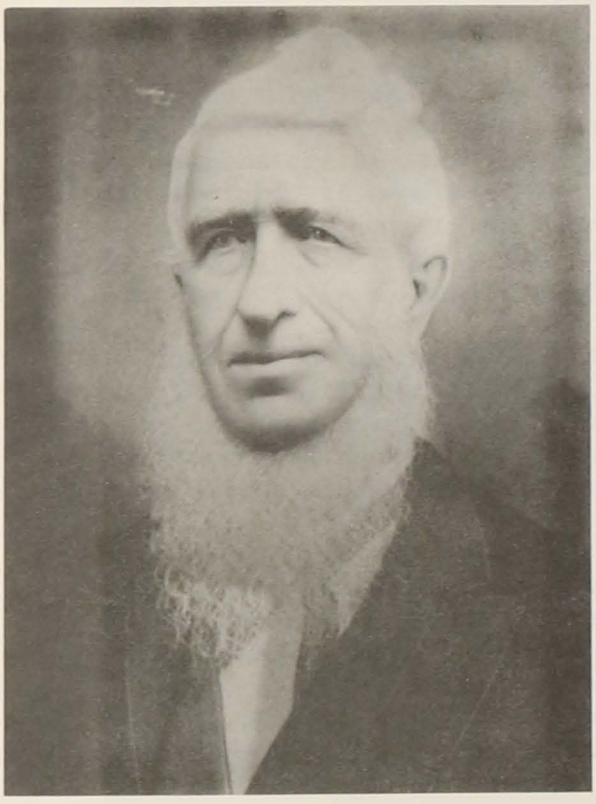
Editor of the Report was Mrs. James E. West of Fort Smith. Staff members were Col. Wm. R. Stevenson (Ret.), Susan Stevenson Swinburn, and Nell S. S. Garner. Copies of both the 1962 and 1963 Stevenson-West booklets are available (60 cents) by writing to Mrs. James E. West, 1500 North 45th St., Fort Smith, Ark.



FLY CREEK SCHOOL
Souvenir program. (See article in this issue.)



WILLIAM RICHARD WALLACE
(from the collection of Faye Dearing Barr)



DR. THOS. J. POLLARD
(See newly discovered Pollard letter in this issue.)

REV. PIETRO BANDINI
(See announcement of our new History of Tontitown)

A NEWLY DISCOVERED POLLARD LETTER

Fadjo Cravens, Jr. of 2100 South "W" St., Fort Smith, who is historiographer for the Diocese of Arkansas and a collector of Arkansiana, wrote us recently as follows:

Dear Mr. Lemke:

Since your letter concerning the Robert Graham correspondence with Henry Wilcox of Van Buren, I have become increasingly interested in the short but brilliant life of Arkansas College. On page 64 of your "Early Colleges and Academies of Washington County", I note that you name my great-grandfather, William M. Cravens, as being a graduate of Arkansas College pending further evidence. I can now verify that William M. Cravens graduated from Arkansas College on "quarto nonas Julias millessimo octingentessimo quinquagesimo quarto", which I take to be July 4, 1854. This would place William M. Cravens in the first graduating class of Arkansas College.

His diploma is now before me. At the top, in a covexly curved line, are the words "Omnibus et Singulis Has Literas Lecturis", below which is the William Schuchman engraved vignette of Arkansas College. In very small print and immediately below this are the words "Post Tenebras Lux", and under the right corner of the vignette, on the same line as the Latin inscription just given, are the words "Wm. Shuchman, lith. Pittsburgh, Pa." The diploma is signed at the right bottom by Robt. Graham, Praeset, T.B.VanHorne, Prof.Humanita(tes) (the word runs behind the matting around the diploma), and Jas.N.Carpenter, Prof.Nat. Sci. On the left, the signatures Thos.J.Pollard, James H.Stirman, Emzy Wilson, W.D.Reagan and J.M.Tebbetts appear. In the center is a large red ribbon upon which the paper seal of the College has been fastened. The diploma names Cravens as "Baccalaureum in artibus liberalibus."

I was surprised to find that my great-great-grandfather, the future father-in-law of Cravens, Samuel M.Rutherford, was one of the original incorporators of Arkansas College in Fayetteville. His son, Robert B Rutherford, is mentioned as a student at the same time as is Cravens, and as being one of the members of the class which graduated in 1854. Samuel M. Rutherford's date of birth is listed incorrectly, however. He was born in Virginia in 1797, and died in Fort Smith in 1867.

Since both Cravens and Robert B. Rutherford are listed as students at Ozark Institute (at Mt. Comfort), I take it that they were two of the twenty students who went with Graham to Fayetteville after his rupture with Mecklin. Cravens, who was born in 1833, must have been one of the oldest students at the College.

Please accept my congratulations on the success of your observance of the centennial of the Battle of Fayetteville. I notice all my cousins were honored on that occasion. General William L. Cabell married the daughter of Elias Rector, brother of my great-great-great-grandfather, Wharton Rector. I have several letters in my collection written by General Cabell when he was Commandant of the Trans-Mississippi Department, United Confederate Veterans, to my great-aunt, Daisy Rutherford Cravens, when she was asked to represent Arkansas at one of the Conventions, but the most interesting Cabell item which I have is a letter from General Cabell's father to his new daughter-in-law, wife of Algernon, giving a rather complete run-down of the activities of all his sons, grandsons, etc. The letter is dated April 9, 1860, and is written from Virginia.

An earlier letter from Fadjo Cravens Jr., who is a long-time member of our Washington County Historical Society, reads as follows:
Dear Professor Lemke:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter from (Dr.) Thomas J. Pollard of Fayetteville, written to someone most probably in Van Buren, dated Dec. 27, 1874, concerning a "sensation" at what is now the University of Arkansas.

When I acquired the letter, the name Pollard suddenly rang a bell with me,but it has been only in the last five minutes that I have been able to place it in its proper niche. On the diploma of my great-grandfather,William Murphy Cravens,from Arkansas College in 1854, Pollard's signature, almost identical to the one on the copy of the letter enclosed, appears as one of the trustees. Since William Murphy Cravens was a member of the first graduating class of the College, I presume that Pollard was one of the original trustees. If you wish to use the letter for any purpose, I would be happy for you to do so.

I would also be grateful for any information concerning this scandal and the life and activities of Dr.Pollard if such is available.

Fadjo Cravens, Jr.

The Pollard letter that Mr.Cravens enclosed reads as follows:

Fayetteville Arks., Decr 27th, 1874

Dear Friend,

There is considerable excitement here in relation to the expulsion of 5 of our most exemplary young men, students of the A.I.U.University; I have to see the first man who does not think they were unjustly dealt with -- they violated no law & the only offence was refusing to reveal information recd in confidence from classmates, the Faculty and no one before them on trial & because they refused to become general informants, they expelled them altho' the students prefer'd to tell every thing they knew or had seen & if they had known that they would have been called up as witnesses they would not have read the information in confidence, but this explanation was unavailing.

For the minutiae in this whole matter I refer you to two petitions, one signed by near 100 of the citizens (500 could have easily been obtained) & the other from our county citizens, asking for a change in the Board & faculty -- only a few of each are obnoxious to the Students & Citizens, viz: Bishop & Gregg on the part of the Trustees & Bishop, Thompson & Botefuhr of the Faculty -- Bishop has managed to ensconce himself behind the balance of the Trustees & Faculty & has succeeded in enlisting them all in his favour, particularly thosewho are democratic -- the faculty very generously agree to receive them back if they will humiliate themselves by "abandoning their position", thereby acknowledging their refusal <u>to betray confidence</u> was wrong.

The Citizens are anxious for an intelligent investigating committee to be sent up, who will also examine the financial affairs of our University; I hope you & my old friend, Hon.Jesse Turner, will look into this matter immediately as our Prest & two professors viz: Gates & Mitchell have gone down to give <u>their version</u> of the case & stifle investigation -- I will only add, that the students who committed the first offense are still in school, altho' the Prest caught 2 of them with their faces blacked, they have been known several of them to have been drunken since, but still they are all right, being of the <u>right string</u>. The expelled boys never had a charge prefer'd against them, never had a mark of demerit, and even their expulsion papers say their conduct & scholarship was perfect. They all happen to be of <u>Southern</u> proclivities.

Tho. J. Pollard

Editor's note:

Thomas J. Pollard, the writer of the foregoing letter, was born near Lexington, Ky., Oct. 27, 1805. He attended Transylvania University and studied three years under various doctors, receiving the M.D. degree from Transylvania in 1828. He began practice that same year. He married Mary Willis Stirman, daughter of a minister of the Christian Church, in 1828. From 1831 to 1839 Dr. Pollard practiced in Palmyra, Mo. and in 1839 he came to Fayetteville.

According to Campbell's history, the Washington County Medical Society was organized in Dr.Pollard's office, and according to Goodspeed, he was the first president of the county society. He practiced medicine for 60 years, 50 of them in Fayetteville. During the Civil War he served as a surgeon in the Confederate army ("irregularly", according to Goodspeed) but he was known to have been at the battles of Oak Hill and Elkhorn. He was the tutor of several other early Washington County doctors, including Dr. W. B. Welch who held the rank of Surgeon in the Confederate army. One authority says that both Drs. Pollard and Welch rendered medical service at the battle of Poison Spring in southwest Arkansas. Dr.Pollard returned to Fayetteville in April 1865.

Dr. and Mrs. Pollard were the parents of four children, two of whom were educated in old Arkansas College, Fayetteville. Dr.Pollard was a member of the college board and a strong supporter of the Rev. Robert Graham, president of the college. The Pollards were active in the Christian Church, from which Arkansas College obtained much of its support. On April 14, 1879, Dr. and Mrs.Pollard celebrated their Golden Wedding in Fayetteville, with 400 guests present. He died in 1889.

Regarding Dr.Pollard's1874 letter above (fromthe Cravens collection) his criticism of the fledgling Arkansas Industrial University (now the University of Arkansas) was probably due to animosities engendered by the late war. A.W.Bishop, president of the University, C.F.M.Botefuhr, professor, and Lafayette W. Gregg, trustee, had been officers in the Union army, as had several other staff members. Dr.Pollard was one of the Southerners who helped rebuild Fayetteville after the war.

The picture of Dr. Pollard that appears in this issue is a copy of a crayon portrait that hung in the Washington County court house for years and was finally thrown out with the rest of the "rubbish." A friend of the WCHS found it and brought it to our office.

TIN-CUP

Our Society has had several requests for information about the origin of the name "Tin Cup" for Fayetteville's Negro community, just east of the Court House. We "passed the buck" to Roy A. Soott,former Mayor and County Clerk. He interviewed several of the older residents of Tin Cup and came up with a logical explanation. Some one is said to have asked Willis Pettigrew, one of Fayetteville's last surviving ex-slaves, where he lived,and Willis answered "Down in Tin Cup Holler." This was before Fayetteville had any kind of sanitation service and tin cans and other rubbish were dumped in the Town Branch hollow, behind where the Court House now stands. If any of our readers do not agree with this explanation of the origin of the name "Tin Cup", do not write to us. Write to Jack Reed, leader of the opposition. Personally, and not as a matter of proven historical fact, we are willing to accept Willis Pettigrew's explanation. "Tin Cup" it was 90 years ago. "Tin Cup" it is today. Just for the record.

FLY CREEK HAS SCHOOL OBSERVANCE 60 YEARS AGO

When Miss Mary Cox of Sanderson, Texas, was in Fayetteville during the summer, working on her history of the Cox family, she acquired a souvenir program of the 1902 term of the Fly Creek School at Clyde, Arkansas. The old program belongs to Mrs. Minta (Reed) Hodges of Box 42, Siloam Springs, Ark., who, with 13 other Reeds, was a pupil at Fly Creek 60 years ago.

The 1902 program consists of three embroidered cards tied witha silk ribbon. On the cover is a photo of the teacher, John A. Miller. The "school officers" are given as J.F.Reed, J.H.King, and J.C.Cormack. The attractive souvenir of the Fly Creek, Ark. school was printed by the Instructor Co. of Dansville, N.Y. How a News York school supply salesman found his way toFly Creek in the Arkansas Ozarks will forever remain a mystery. But find his way he did -- and sold John A. Miller, Teacher, and the patrons of the Fly Creek School, a supply of these handsome souvenirs. Our guess is that the copy owned by Mrs.Minta Hodges is the only one still in existence.

To understand the difficulty of producing an embossed program printed in gold, at Fly Creek in 1902, you've got to know Fly Creek. I'll never forget my first trip to Fly Creek some 30 years ago. Then I saw the school house, I wondered how the pupils got across the creek. Later, I saw the school again, when I retraced Marmaduke's route from Cane Hill to the Cove Creek road (9n 1862) and stopped at Reed's Mountain where a sharp engagement occurred, and at the Cox cemetery where many Reeds and Coxes are buried.

I never sell a country school short. I've known too many of them. As, for example, when, in a casual conversation I learned that our county judge and several other prominent citizens had attended the Fly Creek school.

The 1902 souvenir program of the Fly Creek School lists the following pupils, as of that school term:

Roscoe King	Dora King	John King
Lucy King	Minta Reed	Vena Reed
Leva Reed	Dick Reed	James Reed
Nathan Reed	Yura Reed	Velmer Reed
Lora Reed	Ray Reed	Oma Reed
Lizzie Reed	Steve Reed	Vol Reed
Ella Simpson	Clem Simpson	Olga Simpson
Nona Cox	Alta Cox	Raymond Cox
Bertha Cox	Etta McCamish	Harrison McCamish
Orpha Reese	Dexter Reese	Myrtle Brunk
Edith Brunk	Clifford Brunk	Nellie Hembree
Lydia Hembree	Pearl Hembree	Ervert Hembree
Ray Hembree	Ethel Snodgrass	Elsie Snodgrass
Lowrie Cormack	Vernon Cormack	Grover Glidewell
Raymond Glidewell	Icey Glidewell	Alta Glidewell
Elmo Glidewell	Meda Glidewell	Elza Glidewell
Elmer White	Ollie White	Earl White
Tuell White	Clara Leach	Tersie Leach
Elmer Scott	Anderson Eversoe	Charlie Stephens
Henry Stephens	Fletcher Stephens	Archie Briggs
Lawrence Fisher	Robbie Fisher	Don Robertson
Opal Adams	Josie Bullington	Terrie Bullington
	Lillie Hall	

Pictures of the Fly Creek School that accompany this article are by courtesy of Miss Mary Cox, Sanderson, Texas. -- WJL

FLY CREEK SCHOOL SOUTHEAST OF CLYDE, ABOUT 1893
(Note the boys with hands thrust into their jeans and the girls with hands folded in front.)

FLY CREEK SCHOOL, ABOUT 1902
(In the group are the following Reeds: Minta, Vena, Leva, Dick, Frank, John, Jim, and Nathan)

THE WINN-KARNES FAMILY of WASHINGTON COUNTY

by Lyda Winn Pace, granddaughter of Eliza Hancock Winn

--- W ---

We know very little about the ancestry of our paternal grandmother. We know that her maiden name was Hancock, that she had several sisters and one brother named Addison. We know that she was a courageous woman with a strong Christian character and that she was a member of the Methodist church.

Our father and two uncles have told us many things of interest in their life in childhood and things about their mother, that wecan piece together and make them live again.

She married our grandfather, James Minor Winn, in 1864, after his first wife, Nancy Bloyed Winn, died in 1862. His ten children were all married and gone from home. He owned a large acreage inthe rich valley of what is now West Fork. The home was in the south part of this farm and, according to events handed down to us, was on the main road. The country was sparsely settled, with wilderness all around. He owned a large number of horses, cattle and sheep. Also a slave woman and two children, a girl and a boy.

During the war, soldiers came in search of supplies or anything they could find that would be of value to them. The slaves were hidden under the floor with a trap door opening. All was goind well and the soldiers were about to leave, when the boy got curious and pushed the door up enough to see out. A soldier spied the opening and the boyxwas taken. They never heard of him again. The mother died soon afterward, but the girl, Em, was kept in the family and proved a great blessing to them.

The soldiers were also taking several head of horses. Among them was grandma's favorite. She went to the soldier leading it, and engaged him in conversation. Catching him off guard, she suddenly jerked the reins from his hand, gave the horse a slap and before the soldier knew what was happening the horse was gone.

Our grandfather died in 1868, leaving her with three small children and one yet unborn. The children of James Minor Winn and Eliza Hancock Winn were:

Martha, born 1865; died 1892
Walker Robert, born 1866; died Feb. 9, 1948
George Albright, born March 3, 1867; died Jan. 2, 1932
James Addison (Jimmie), born April 28, 1869 (four months after the death of his father)

Grandma had many problems to solve and many harrassing times, as she supported and cared for her children with only the help of Em. Once a panther came very close to the house. Grandma put the children under the feather bed and turned the frantic dogs in the house. The panther could be seen just outside, the window, clawing on a log. In desperation Em took chunks of fire on a large shovel and dared go outside and drive it away.

On another occasion a funeral procession, traveling by wagon, was overtaken by darkness as they neared Grandma's house. A pack of wolves had been following for some distance. Grandma gave them a rail fence to burn that night to keep the wolves from attacking the corpse.

Our father remembered when he was quite small, being sent to the nearest neighbor to borrow some coals of fire. Everybody had a fireplace and had to keep some coals covered in the back, in order to have fire to cook on and to light their candles.For some reason their coals had died out and no way to cook till they got more.

Em gathered most of their fire wood from the woods near the house. She always wanted to take one or two of the children with her and was always cautious about wild animals. Every few minutes she would stop her work and listen. Once a neighbor hid in some bushes. He screamed like a panther, thinking Em would run, but instead, her protective spirit arose and she hurled a big rock in the direction of the scream. Her aim hit the mark and a cry of pain came up. That trick wasn't tried again.

Grandma had a boarder who peddled pills. One rainy day when the boys were having to amuse themselves indoors, they found a bottle of the sugar-coated pills. They would fill their hands with the pills and hold them under the drip of the house, then drink the water off. By night they were three very sick little boys and no trouble to tell what happened to the "Pills of Mr.Shills."

Oct. 6, 1889, Walker Winn and Margaret Chapman were married. She was the daughter of Daniel and Sarah Reed Chapman of the Round Mountain community, three and a half miles north of WestFork. They were married on horseback, which was a popular custom for weddings at that time. They, with two or three other couples in attendance, rode to the gate of the officiating Justice of the Peace and he gave the marriage vows standing on the ground.

Walker was a farmer and stockman, living in communities around West Fork till 1908, when they moved to Winslow where his brothers, George and Jimmie had already taken their residence. Walker Winn and Margaret (Maggie) Winn had three daughters:

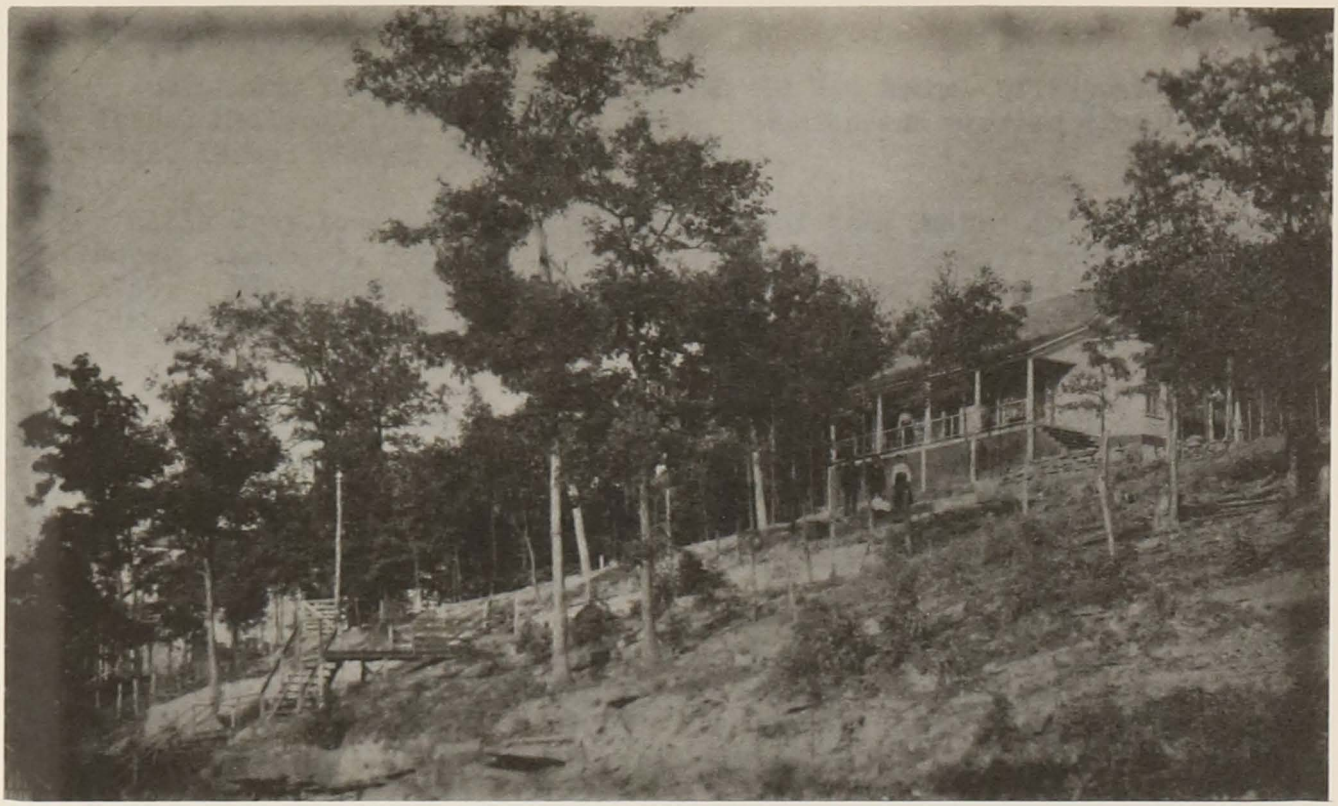
Ethel, born Jan. 4, 1892; died July 11, 1950
Stella, born Oct. 30, 1893
Dora (Dode), born May 13, 1895; died Sept. 10, 1946

Ethel Winn was among the first telephone operators of the Winslow Telephone Company. After a short time she became an assistant to her uncle in the Winslow post office. J. A. (Jimmie) Winn was the depot agent for the Frisco railroad and also postmaster, with the post office in part of the depot.

Ethel Winn was married Jan. 26, 1915, to Austin Yoes of Winslow. It was a church wedding in the Methodist church. Issue:

Wendell C. Yoes, born Jan. 24, 1916
Ellis Gray Yoes, born Dec. 5, 1917

Wendell C. Yoes married (1st) Dona Ramey of Winslow in 1936. They had daughter, Judith Ann. Wendell C. Yoes married (2nd) Stella Arnold of Fort Smith in 1946.



Home of J. A. Winn built in 1904. It is east of the depot and overlooks the town.

The Winn-Karnes family reunion in 1893 in front of the home place about two and a half miles south of West Fork.

Judith Ann Yoes married (1st) Harold Van Asche of Fayetteville. Issue: Melissa, born April 20, 1959. Judith Ann married (2nd) James Teas. Issue: Sheryl, born Oct. 5, 1961.

Ellis Gray Yoes married Vivian Cobb of Fort Smith in 1944. Issue: Robert (Bobbie), born May 5, 1951; and Rebecca (Becky), born March 29, 1955. Ellis Gray Yoes is owner and manager of the Yoes Printing and Lithographing Co. of Fort Smith (1963).

Stella Winn, second daughter of Walker and Margaret Winn, never married. She graduated from Winslow school in 1912, attended high school at West Fork and took a business course in the Springfield, Mo. Business College. She taught school for a number of years and in 1920 was appointed Postmaster at Winslow, serving till 1933. Her father, Walker R. Winn, was assistant postmaster.

Dora (Dode) Winn was the youngest daughter of Walker and Margaret Winn. She attended the Winslow school and for a number of years was an operator for the Winslow Telephone Co. She was married May 22, 1918 to Glen T. Duncan of Winslow. He was serving in the Army of World War I and home on leave before sailing for France. Dora Winn Duncan and Glen T. Duncan had one daughter:

Ruby Glenn, born June 30, 1924. Ruby was married to Jack Ruble of Nebraska in 1944. Issue: Glenda, born 1945; Debra (Debby), born 1951; Timothy (Timmy), born 1954.

--- W ---

George A. Winn married Mary Stockburger Feb. 2, 1890. She was a daughter of John C. and Martha Reed Stockburger of the Round Mountain community north of West Fork. At the time of their marriage, he was a clerk in the store at Brentwood. A flood nearly washed them and their house away, so they moved to a farm at Woolsey. A year later they bought a farm north of West Fork. In 1898 they moved to Porter (later Schaberg) in Crawford County, where he had a general merchandise store. In 1905 they moved back to Washington County, at Winslow, where he went into partnership in the mercantile business with his half-brother Clyde (Jack) Karnes. They put up a two-story building,with plate glass front, and were doing a big business when Jack accidentally killed himself July 9, 1906. The Bank of Winslow was organized in 1907 and George A. Winn was elected cashier and served in that capacity until the liquidation of the bank in 1931.

Children of George A. Winn and Mary Stockburger Winn were:

Omer Addison, born Feb. 11, 1891
Martha Ann, born Sept. 27, 1892
Aliza Hexter (Lyda), born July 16, 1897
Robert George, born March 17, 1903

Omer Winn never married. He studied telegraphy under his uncle, James A. Winn, then went to Springfield, Mo. Business College. After finishing the course he worked for the Kansas Natural Gas Co. in Kansas City for a few years, then for the Frisco railroad at Ashdown. In 1917 he volunteered for service in World War I, but was discharged on account of a heart condition. During World War II he was a guard at the Frisco railroad tunnel at Winslow. He is a woodsman, with hunting and trapping a hobby. He resides at the family home near Winslow.

Martha Ann Winn graduated from Winslow school in 1911 and that fall was elected assistant cashier to the Bank of Winslow and served in that capacity until her marriage in 1925. She was married to the Rev. Thos. Carey of Ardmore, Okla. He was a Presbyterian minister of English birth and came to America as a young man. He served in several major cities in Oklahoma and was pastor of the Yale Avenue Presbyterian church in Tulsa at the time of his retirement in 1935. They moved to a farm at Siloam Springs, Ark. He continued to preach, however, and served the Gravette, Ark. church for a number of years.

Thos. Carey and Martha Ann Winn Carey had two sons:
Thomas Winn Carey, born Feb. 28, 1927
Robert Williams Carey, born Mar. 16, 1929. Died in infancy.

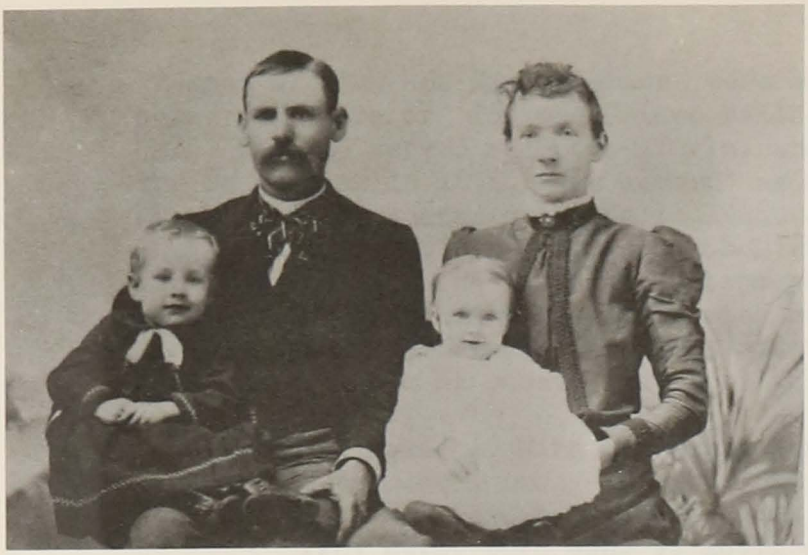
Thomas Winn Carey graduated from Siloam Springs high school in 1945 and entered the Army soon afterward. After serving two years in Germany, he married Rita Kathrene Holfelder Oct. 23, 1948, just before sailing to America. She was from Heidelberg. He entered the University of Arkansas soon after his return and graduated from the Civil Engineering department in 1953. They went to California where he now holds the position of a bridge engineer with the state of California. Thomas Winn Carey and Rita Holfelder Carey have one son: Thomas George (Mike), born May 5, 1952.

Eliza Hexter (Lyda) graduated from Winslow high school in 1916. After working as an operator for the Winslow Telephone Company for six years, she took a business course in the Fayetteville Business College and in 1926 was elected assistant cashier of the Bank of Winslow and served in that position till the liquidation of the bank in 1931. In 1939 she was married to Rev. C.B.Pace, a Methodist minister serving in the East Oklahoma Conference. He was a native of Tennessee. After his death in 1944, she made her home with her brother and mother in Winslow. She worked as relief operator for the Winslow Telephone Company in 1946, tutored a third-grade boy in the home one school year and also gave music lessons in the home from time to time, till the duties of the home and the care of her aging mother required all her time. The mother, Mary Stockburger Winn, passed away April 28, 1962.

Robert George Winn graduated from University high school at Fayetteville. He received an A.B. and B.O. degree from Asbury College in Wilmore, Ky. in 1928 and an M.A. degree from the University of Florida in 1931. He taught in the Lydia Patterson Institute, a Methodist Mission school in El Paso, Texas one year, and two years in the College of the Ozarks at Clarksville, Ark., before going to California in 1936. On May 23, 1933 he married Bernice Withers of Rogers. Issue: Mary Lou, born May 5, 1935; she died at birth; and Betty Ann, born Nov.17, 1936. He taught several terms of school in California before going into Civil Service work in the Employment Division. In 1942 he joined the Army but was given a discharge in 1943 on account of his age. He was placed back in Civil Service as councilor for disabled veterans. He is now retired and makes his home in California.

Betty Ann Winn, daughter of Robert G. and Bernice Withers Winn, graduated from high school in Compton, California. June 17, 1956 she was married to John Naranjo. He is a design engineer. They have two children: John Richard, born Nov. 5, 1957; and Robert Randell, born Jan. 28, 1962.

---W---

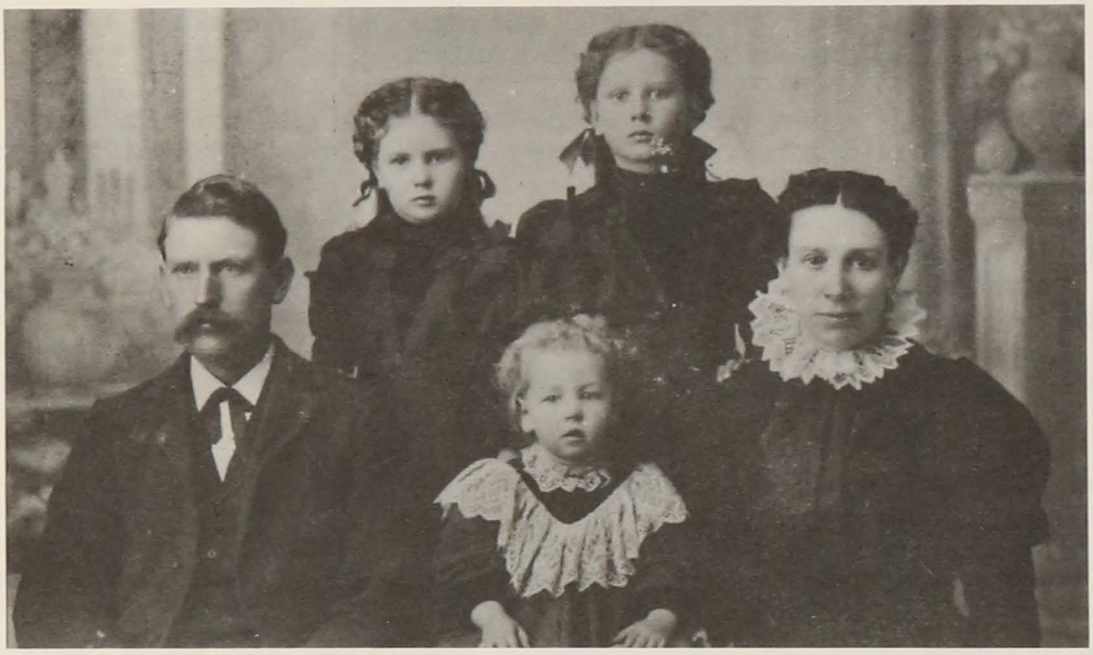


From the

KARNES - WINN FAMILY ALBUM

(At left):

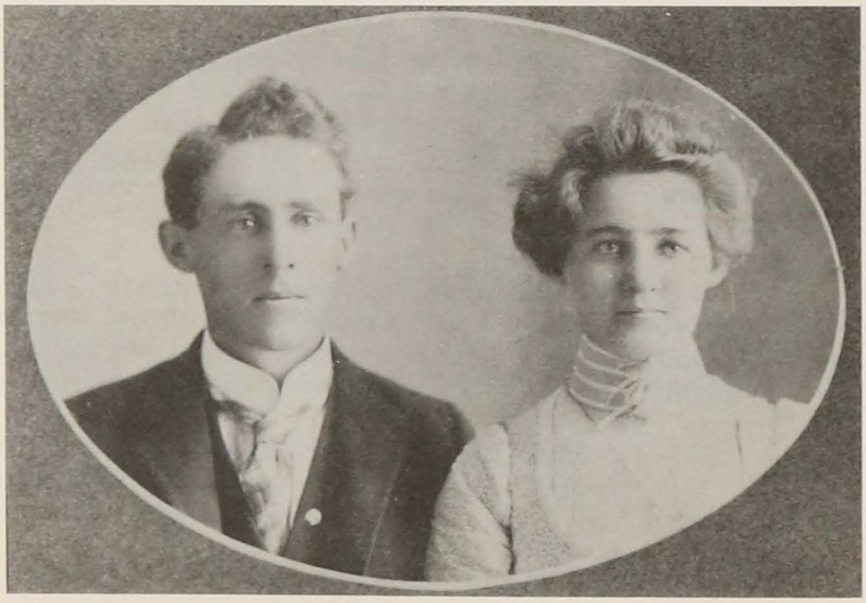
George and Mary Winn
Photo 1893
She was a Stockburger



Walker H. Winn and Margaret Chapman Winn and daughters, 1897

(At right):

Samuel Clyde (Jack) Karnes
and wife,
Amanda Langston Karnes



James A. Winn abd Laura Karnes were married May 7, 1892. He was a telegraph operator for the Frisco railroad and stationed at LeFlore, Okla. He also served at Poteau, Okla. and West Fork, Ark. before coming to Winslow in 1894. He served as an operator or depot agent at Winslow for 50 years, retiring in 1944. J. A. Winn and wife Laura were charter members of the Winslow Methodist Church and of the Order of the Eastern Star. He was also instrumental in organizing the Masonic Lodge in 1897. Laura Karnes Winn died Dec. 26, 1940. J. A. Winn later married Minnie Studebaker Thompson. After his retirement they moved to Fort Smith, where he passed away April 2, 1949.

Children of James A. Winn and Laura Karnes Winn were:

Dee Fulton, born Jan. 16, 1893; died Aug. 2, 1894
Paul Douglas, born May 2, 1894; died July 24, 1901
Troy Burl, born Jan. 9, 1897; died July 13, 1955
Ruby Jeter, born Dec. 14, 1904; died March 30, 1907
Eliza Berneice, born May 10, 1908
Vivian Julia, born July 12, 1916; died April 25, 1935

Troy Burl Winn married Bobbie Owens of Springdale. He was an operator for the Frisco railroad and served at different places in Arkansas and Oklahoma for 37 years. A bad heart condition forced his retirement shortly before his death in 1955. He died in California and is buried at Grangeville Cemetery near Hanford, Calif., also near Corcoran where his sister Berneice resides. Though he is buried in California, his wife erected a stone in the family lot at the Karnes Cemetery, about one mile south of West Fork, Ark. The Karnes Cemetery dates back to the first Karnes settlers and used by practically all the Karnes descendants.

Eliza Berneice Winn married (1st) Ralph Osburn in July 1926. Issue: Ruby Berneice, born May 28, 1927. 2nd marriage of Eliza Berneice was to John (Rube) Kelton in 1937. They have resided in Corcoran, Calif. most of the time since their marriage. Ruby Berneice Osburn married Joe Brown. They have one daughter, Alicia by adoption.

Vivian Julia Winn was killed instantly April 25, 1935, when the automobile she was driving skidded on wet pavement south of Fayetteville. She was a senior in Winslow high school and would have graduated in a few weeks.

--- W ---

The Winn families of Winslow were active in all phases ofthe work in the Winslow Methodist Church. After the death of George Winn in January 1932, the adult Sunday School class of which he was a member,named the class "The George A. Winn Bible Class" as a tribute to him. It carried that name as long as there were any members surviving, which was more than 20 years.

William Karnes and Mary Ann Chapman were married Aug. 31, 1890. She was the daughter of Daniel and Sarah Reed Chapman and sister to Margaret Chapman Winn. William Karnes was a farmer. They raised their family on the old home place previously owned by his father. Their children were:

Bessie Pearl, born May 22, 1892; died Oct. 30, 1928
James Daniel, born Oct. 22, 1894; died Aug. 4, 1950
Cecil Gibson, born Oct. 26, 1896

(more)

Bethel Mae, born Nov. 6, 1898
Lee Roy, born June 17, 1901
Ruth, born Oct. 9, 1903
Wayne Murser, born June 24, 1906
Pauline Opal, born Dec. 21, 1908

Pearl Karnes married Ben L. Courtney of Fayetteville Sept. 17, 1917. Issue: William Maurice, born Oct. 16, 1918; and Joseph Earl, born Nov. 1, 1920. Their mother died when they were quite small and they were raised by their paternal grandparents, William and Mary Ann Karnes. William Maurice Courtney married Marie Eisley Mar. 25, 1948. Issue: Mike and Linda. William M. is a newspaper publisher in Wynne, Ark. Joseph Earl Courtney works at the White Sands Proving Grounds at Las Cruces, New Mexico.

James Daniel Karnes went to Canada when a young man and spent most of his life there and in northwestern states. He died in Washington but his body was brought back to the Karnes Cemetery for burial.

Cecil Gibson Karnes married Blanch Stewart Apr. 19, 1921. Issue: Stewart Dale, born Mar. 26, 1922; Josephine, born Mar. 17, 1924; Kenneth Ray; Keith. (They were married and reared their family in Denver, Colo.) There are eleven grandchildren.

Bethel Mae Karnes married Wm. R. (Bob) Linton May 7, 1920. Issue: Robert Addis, born Mar. 26, 1921. He married ___ and they have 3 sons: John Robert, Joseph Lee, Gary.

Lee Roy Karnes married Iris Davis of West Fork July 2, 1927. Issue: Lora Lee, Mildred Ann, Donald Roger, Wanda Luretta. They live on a farm near the Daniel Karnes home place. Iris Karnes is a nurse working in the Fayetteville hospitals. Lora Lee Karnes married Jim Bell of Fayetteville. Mildred Ann is a nurse in Fayetteville hospital. Ruth Karnes married Oval Tanner July 31, 1927. Issue: Betty Lou, Mary Jane, Cecil, O.L., Marie. The children of Oval Tanner and Ruth Karnes married as follows:

Bettie Lou Tanner married Roy Webber of West Fork
Mary Jane Tanner married Eugene Bartholomew of West Fork
Cecil Tanner married Mary Lou Phillips
O. L. Tanner married Mae Jones of West Fork
Marie Tanner married Olan Parker of Fayetteville

There are eleven grandchildren of Ruth Karnes and Oval Tanner.

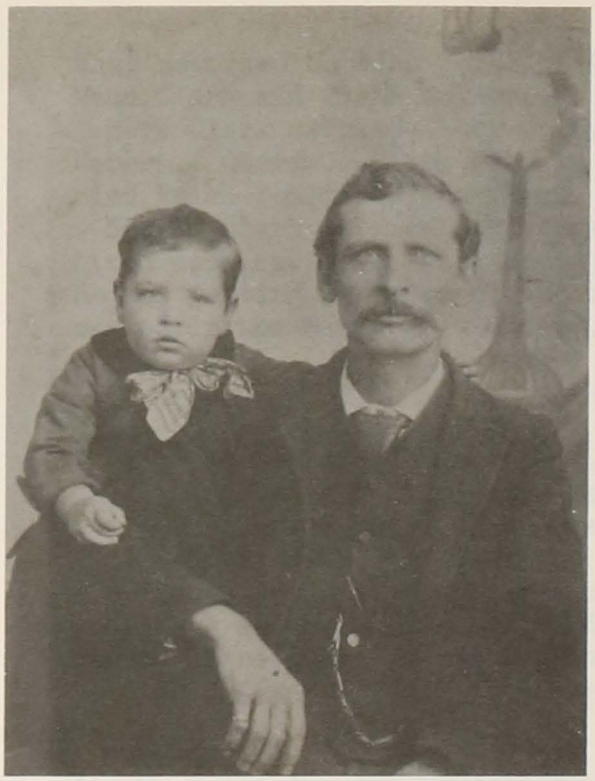
Wayne Murser Karnes married Melva Underhill Sept. 1925. Issue: Two sons -- Avner and Richard. They are residents of Colorado.

Pauline Opal Karnes married Argil Brock, Nov. 15, 1930. Issue; Arline Brock who married Ancil Waterson of West Fork; they have three children; and Mary Florence Brock who married Randell Burris. They have one child.

Ellen Karnes was married to John Clark of West Fork in 1885. Issue:

Maud died Jan. 1952
Bert, born 1890; died Jan. 1960
Newell, born 1895; died Oct. 1960

Maud Clark married Claud Rutherford of West Fork. They lived for a number of years in Nebraska, but after the death of her father in 1930



J. M. (JIM) KARNES
and son Hugh, 1892

GRANDMA KARNES
(Eliza Hancock Winn)

ANDREW KARNES
and Florence Dye Karnes and daughter Lillian

J. M. (JIMMIE) WINN
and Laura Karnes Winn and children

they returned to West Fork to live with her mother Ellen. Children of Maud Clark and Claud Rutherford were: Ellis; and Burl, died in 1963.

Bert Clark married Clara J. Pyeatte of Cane Hill. Issue: one son Robert. Clara J. Clark died in Oklahoma City. Bert Clark later married Velma Temple of Texarkana. He was a retired salesman.

Newell Clark married Mary Morelock of Dallas, Texas. After he retired as a salesman, they moved to West Fork, where he had been reared. He was serving as Mayor of the town at the time of his death. He is buried in the National Cemetery.

--- K ---

J. M. Karnes married Martha A. Winn Oct. 21, 1883. Issue:

Bessie Myrtle, born May 27, 1885; died July 19, 1886
Daniel Hugh, born June 30, 1887; died Nov. 2, 1913
Ernest, born Jan. 24, 1889; died Oct. 25, 1891

J.M.Karnes was a merchant in WestFork and continued in that business until his death in 1920. Daniel Hugh Karnes lived to manhood and served three years in the U.S. Army. After his discharge he married Mildred Cravens of West Fork, just nine months before his death.

Feb. 28, 1894, J.M.Karnes and Eva Robinson were married. She is the daughter of Sam and Harriet Robinson. She is still living in their home in West Fork (1963). J.M.Karnes and Eva Robinson had 5 children:

Grace M., born May 10, 1895
Hazel, born Oct. 13, 1897; died Sept. 15, 1951
Melva, born May 4, 1900
Clint Howard, born June 17, 1905
Kenneth Leon, born Jan. 12, 1915

Grace M. Karnes was employed as a secretary in Oklahoma City for 29 years and in Detroit for nine years. Hazel Karnes taught inthe schools of Dallas, Texas for 20 years. Dec. 12, 1950 she was married to W. H. Moses of Dallas. She died 1951 and is buried in the National Cemetery in Fayetteville. Melva Karnes taught several years in the schools of west Texas. Clint Howard Karnes married Evaline Miller of West Fork. They have lived in Denver,Colo. most of the time. Kenneth Leon Karnes married Dorothy Miles. They live in Little Rock and have two children (by adoption): Kenna Kay, born Oct. 12, 1958; and Mark Miles, born Feb. 5, 1954.

--- K ---

Andrew (Little Andy) Karnes was married to Florence Dye of the West Fork community, Oct. 18, 1896. He was a farmer and lived his entire life on the farm which was a part of the original Karnes land. Andrew Karnes and his wife, Florence Dye Karnes, had one daughter, Lillian. Lillian Karnes lost her first husband, Lawrence Cohenour, during the flu epidemic of 1918, not long after their marriage. She later married James Altman of Texas and had issue: one daughter Juanita. Juanita married ----- Stockley of Amarillo, Texas. They now live in California.

Samuel Clyde (Jack) Karnes, only child of Daniel and Eliza Karnes, was married to Amanda (Bobbie) Langston of WestFork, in October, 1899. She was the daughter of Bart and ---- Emerson Langston.

Jack Karnes had a general mercantile store at Woolsey before coming to Winslow in 1903 or 1904.He was in partnership with his half-brother George when he accidentally shot himself July 9, 1906.In 1911 when the Order of the Eastern Star was organized in Winslow, it was given the name of "Clyde Chapter" as a memorial to him.

--- W -- K ---

Photo of the Karnes-Winn family

The picture of the Karnes-Winn family reunionthat appears on a preceding page was made in 1894, just outside the front years of the old home place, about halfway between Woolsey and West Fork.

L to R in back row: George Winn, with his son Omer standing in front. Walter Winn; John Clark and wife Ellen Karnes Clark; Jim Karnes and wife, Eva Robinson Karnes.

Daniel Karnes by the table (he was father of the Karnes and step-father of the Winns)): Andrew (Little Andy) and Clyde (Jack), back of the table. Eliza Hancock (Winn) Karnes by table (mother of the Winns and step-mother of the Karnes.) Will Karnes, James (Jimmie) Winn, with his son Dee in front.

L to R front row: Mary Stockburger Winn, holding her daughter Martha. Margaret Chapman Winn, holding her daughter Stella, and the older daughter Ethel standing by her side. Mary Ann Chapman Karnes, wife of Will Karnes, holding her daughter Pearl. Hugh Karnes, son of Jim Karnes and first wife, Martha Winn Karnes. Bert Clark, son of John and Ellen Clark. Maud Clark, daughter of John and Ellen Clark. Laura Karnes Winn, wife of Jimmie Winn, holding their son Paul.

THE ARKANSAS FAMILY HISTORIAN

As most of our readers know, our Society publishes the Arkansas Family Historian for the Arkansas Genealogical Society. This magazine is produced by the same mechanical staff and on the same duplicating machine that produces our Flashback. We share overhead expenses but nobody gets paid for either genealogical or historical work.

Some of our readers may like to know that the October number of the Family Historian will contain several articles of special interest to Washington County folks. There is Miss MaryCox's thorough research on "The Morrows and Their Descendants", including the lines of Strickler, Hodges, King, Howell, Andrews, Cline, Blakemore, Rinehart, Keith, and more -- many of them with roots in Washington County, Arkansas.

Also of interest to Washington County is Dr.George Byers' article on "The Ralph Skelton Line", since both the pioneer Ralph Skelton and his wife Casania are buried in our county -- Ralph at Baptist Ford and Casania at Sunset.

The Arkansas Family Historian is published by the Arkansas Genealogical Society (membership and subscription $3 per year), Miss Bernice Karnes, secretary. Flashbackis published by the Washington County Historical Society ($3 per year), Deane G. Carter, secretary. The two organizations share an office at 12½ E.Center St., Fayetteville, and both get their mail at PO Box 237, Fayetteville.

The Secretary Says

A TOLERABLE GOOD YEAR. In 1963 our Society sponsored the Centennial of the battle of Fayetteville, aided in getting a marker for the Dutch Mills postoffice, awarded two "Distinguished Citizen" certificates, published four numbers in the Booklet Series, and came through on schedule with four issues of FLASHBACK.

FAYETTEVILLE IN 1862

(Editor's note: The following account of Fayetteville in 1862 was sent us by Dr. William B. Hesseltine, Vilas Research Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin and one-time history professor in the University of Arkansas. He discovered it in the journal of an Iowa soldier who fought at Prairie Grove and thought FLASHBACK would be interested. Which we are. Thanks, Professor. -- WJL)

---1862---

Timothy F. Phillips was bur a few months beyond his 18th birthday when he fought in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. His home was in Keokuk, Iowa, and he had enlisted on Aug. 7, 1862 in Co.A of the 19th Iowa Infantry. Four months to the day later he was in the fight at Prairie Grove.

He kept a diary throughout his service in the Army of the U.S.,filling it with descriptions of the hardships of the soldier, commentaries upon his officers and the military duties in which he engaged. He had an interest in the towns and places through which he had passed across Missouri and into Arkansas.

After the battle of Prairie Grove (Dec. 7, 1862) he was interested in the countryside around him. He thought indeed that Arkansas had many attractions. On the eve of the battle of Prairie Grove while halted at Robinson's Crossroads, he recorded in his journal, "There seems to be considerable of a settlement here, several fine farmhouses and a very fine church. The country is in a high state of cultivation and seems to contain a good class of farmers." He added also that "the boys went in for a good supper, for poultry and pigs were plenty, and we helped ourselves."

The day after the battle he reported that there was a Revel hospital near Fayetteville "where but little attention and but little sympathy is manifested and paid to those who suffer for the part they have taken in establishing Southern Rights as they understand them." On the other hand, Union wounded, he reported, "have been disposed of at various houses and made as comfortable as the nature of the case will admit." The bodies of the Union officers killed in the battle had all been sent to Fayetteville for interment. He also reported that "hogs, beef, and other things required for our use are very plenty, and if we do not enjoy full rations it certainly is not our fault."

The week after the battle he visited Fayetteville and solemnly recorded in his diary, "I will here venture a description of Fayetteville, the county seat of Washington County. It is very pleasantly situated on an elevation of a ridge along a hill proceeding tothe west where the business portion of the place seems to have been built. As you enter the town from the east, spacious dwellings meet your eye with every modern adornment of architecture.

"Each individual seems to have owned one entire city square inthe center of which he has had his home erected. And there he might reside as both town or country, having the fullest enjoyment on a small scale of country life and at the same time the luxuries of a city. The main thoroughfares pass him at equal distance on each side, while he is in the middle of his possessions and can gaze upon passers on the four streets of the square which surround him.

"As you pass on, however, the dwellings become more compact and present a busier scene of city life that once might have been carried on here to a considerable extent. I notice many fine public buildings, but many fine ones have been destroyed. One dwelling in this place, and at the time considered the finest in the State, was destroyed by an order of General McCulloch. I also noticed several fine churches, a seminary and three different printing offices. But at present it is a sad picture of the rebellion -- not wanted by our own troops for any use, its owners shunning it, it lies a waste of wealth and beauty exposed to every destructive influence."

Having seen and admired Fayetteville, Phillips' unit took part in General Herron's raid on Van Buren and returned to the old battlefield of Prairie Grove before going east to take part in the final days of the siege of Vicksburg. He carried with him a good impression of Fayetteville and northwest Arkansas.

-- William B. Hesseltine

THE STORY OF TONTITOWN, ARKANSAS

Elsewhere in this issue is a picture of Father Pietro Bandini, the founder of Tontitown in Washington County. This is one of more than 50 pictures from the latest number in our Society's Booklet Series. This is "The Story of Tontitown, Arkansas."

This 56-page booklet contains much previously unpublished material about this Washington County community that is this year celebrating its 65th anniversary. There are reproductions of the contract that the Italian immigrants signed and of their Italian passport. The cover carries an excellent portrait of Father Bandini.

Important is the list of the original colonists of 1898, with names of wife and children. These were the first settlers:

Ardemagni, Luigi, Felix and Pietro	Bariola, John and Petro
Bastianelli, Pacifico and Paolo	Bissetti, Joe
Ceola, Marco	Cortiana, Eustacchio
Cichelero, A.	Fiori, Domenico and John
Maestri, Antonio	Morsani, Emidio and Adriano
Papili, Patricio (Two other Papili families did not stay.)	
Pianalto, Celeste, Domenico, Pietro, and Dionizio	
Pozza, John	Piazza, James
Penzo, Domenico	Mascagni, Pietro
Roso, Guiseppe	Rosa, Zenobia
Sbanatto, Antonio	Taldo, John
Tessaro, Christiano and Giacomo	Tomiello, Carlo
Verruchi, Joseph	Zulpo, Tomaso

Twenty-seven of these first families are shown in quaint old pictures. There is also list of all the priests who have served St. Joseph's Church at Tontitown; a history of the grape industry; reprints from Tontitown articles that appeared in national magazines; a dedicatory poem by Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni; and an introduction by W.J.Lemke.

"The Story of Tontitown" sells for $2 and may be ordered from our secretary, Deane G. Carter, Box 237,Fayetteville. Only 200 copies have been printed and they won't last long.

Mrs. Leach receives "Distinguished Citizen" award from Jack Reed of our Society.

Marker dedication at Dutch Mills
July 7, 1963

(Below)

Mrs. Ruth E. Leach of
Dutch Mills

W. J. Lemke telling the story of Old Hermannsburg.

HISTORY DAY AT DUTCH MILLS

Sunday, July 7, was an important day in the life of the Dutch Mills community on the western border of Washington County. On that day our Society dedicated a historical marker at DutchMills(Old Hermannsburg); and cited Mrs. Ruth Leach, who has been postmaster at Dutch Mills for 35 years, as a "Distinguished Citizen of Washington County."

The handsome marker carries a brief history of the German settlement of Hermannsburg (1850-1862) and the names of all Dutch Mills postmasters. The marker was paid for ($170) by descendants of the early postmasters and by members of the Washington County Historical Society.

Some 250 persons gathered in the shady grove at the entrance to the Dutch Mills cemetery and listened to a program that included an invocation by the Reverend Wall, introduction of descendants of the pioneers (by Mrs.Leach), a talk by W.J.Lemke on the history of Old Hermannsburg, presentation of the "Distinguished Citizen" award (by Mr. Jack Reed, member of the WCHS and native son of Dutch Mills), and placing of a wreath on the grave of the Reverend Wilhelmi, first of the German settlers to die.

Many persons helped to make Dutch Mills' big day a success. We would like to thank A.C.Freeman and C.R.Bailey who erected the marker, Jack Reed who had the marker transported from Fayetteville to Dutch Mills, Mrs.Matlock who registered the visitors, Floyd Carl Jr who covered the event for the Northwest Arkansas Times, and especially Mrs. Leach who handled numerous details and furnished cold drinks before and after the program.

Among the messages of congratulation that Mrs.Leach received were these:

"I wish I could be present on July 7th to help pay tribute to your wonderful service as postmaster. The press of duties here prevents that, but I will certainly be there in spirit, along with your other many friends who will be present. My heartiest congratulations.

Jim Trimble, Washington, D.C."

"Sorry I cannot be with you for dedication of historical marker at Dutch Mills. My warmest congratulations to you on your 35 years of service as postmaster. I wish you many more years of service.

Bill Fulbright, Washington, D.C."

WCHS members enroute to the Dutch Mills observance made a stop at the Cane Hill cemetery to pay tribute to three generations ofthe Earle family who made and recorded Cane Hill history. Memorial sprays were placed on the graves of Major F.R. Earle CSA who was president of Cane Hill College; his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Earle Richardson who recorded and published the history of Cane Hill; and his grandson, Dr. Fount Richardson, who served two terms as president of our Washington County Historical Society.

NEWS NOTE

At a meeting of the history committee of the Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce (Floyd Carl Jr., chairman), plans were discussed for beautifying the Confederate cemetery and erecting several historical markers. One of the markers will memorialize General W.Y. Slack who died at Pea Ridge and is buried in Fayetteville's Confederate Cemetery.

DONORS TO DUTCH MILLS MARKER FUND

Joe Kimbrough, Oklahoma City, son of early postmasters
Mrs. Ruth Leach, postmaster
J. S. Omohundro, Rocklin, Calif., son of early postmaster
Susie Kimbrough Patterson, Fayetteville, assistant postmaster
Paul L. Davis, Dutch Mills, grandson of Millers in Dutch Mills
Mark Bean, "always interested in historical affairs"
Louella Ewing Alberty, daughter of Betty Seay, decd postmaster
Ruth Parker, Lincoln, Ark. P.O.

Herman (Bud) Hodges, Fayetteville	Herbert B. Talley, Tulsa
Mrs. Willis Trewhitt, Fayetteville	Mrs. Tule Robinson, Fayetteville
Mrs. Margaret Allison, Fort Smith	James O. Whelchel, Tulsa
D. D. Deaver, Springdale	Dr.&Mrs. Glen Dixon, Birmingham
L.W.& Annabel Searcy, Springdale	Mr.&Mrs. Homer Sparks, Haskell
Mr.&Mrs. Jerry Leach, Psadena,Tex.	Mrs. Maude Zellner, Hulbert,Okla.
Mrs. Ora Matlock, Dutch Mills	Alvin Seamster, Garfield, Ark.
Dr. Jeff Baggett, Prairie Grove	Roy A. Scott, Fayetteville
J. E. Bunch, Elkins, Ark.	W. J. Lemke, Fayetteville
Mrs. George Caldwell, Avoca, Ark.	Tom Feathers, Fayetteville
W. E. McIntosh, Tulsa	Karl Greenhaw, Fayetteville
Mr.& Mrs. Claude Amos, Tahlequah	John McNair, Fayetteville
Mr.& Mrs. J.Burl Cox, Tahlequah	Jerome McRoy, Fayetteville
Mary Cox, Sanderson, Tex.	Deane G. Carter, Fayetteville
R. M. Wilson, Prairie Grove	Chas. H. Stone, Fayetteville
Stirman Karnes, Cane Hill	Jack Reed, Fayetteville
Clara E. Kendrick, Nowata, Okla.	Powell Rhea, Fayetteville
R. C. Harding, Fayetteville	John A. Reed, Fayetteville
Earl Morris, Fayetteville	Don Trumbo, Fayetteville
Bert Pyeatte, Siloam Springs	Dr. Will Mock, Prairie Grove

Washington County Historical Society, Fayetteville

Other donations:
Cost of hauling marker to Dutch Mills, paid for by Jack Reed
Marker erected by C. R. Bailey and A. C. Freeman
Sprays for graves, donated by Roy Adams, florist, Fayetteville
Photography by Floyd Carl Jr of NW Ark Times & Henry C. Green
Soft drinks, furnished by Mrs. Ruth Leach

Cost of marker $170
Total cash receipts. . . 170

NEWS NOTES

A committee of the Zion Home Demonstration Club visited our WCHS office recently. The ladies plan to place a historical marker on the Old Wire Road, to mark the route of the Butterfield Overland Mail. They have the backing of the Springdale Rodeo Association andthe Chamber of Commerce.

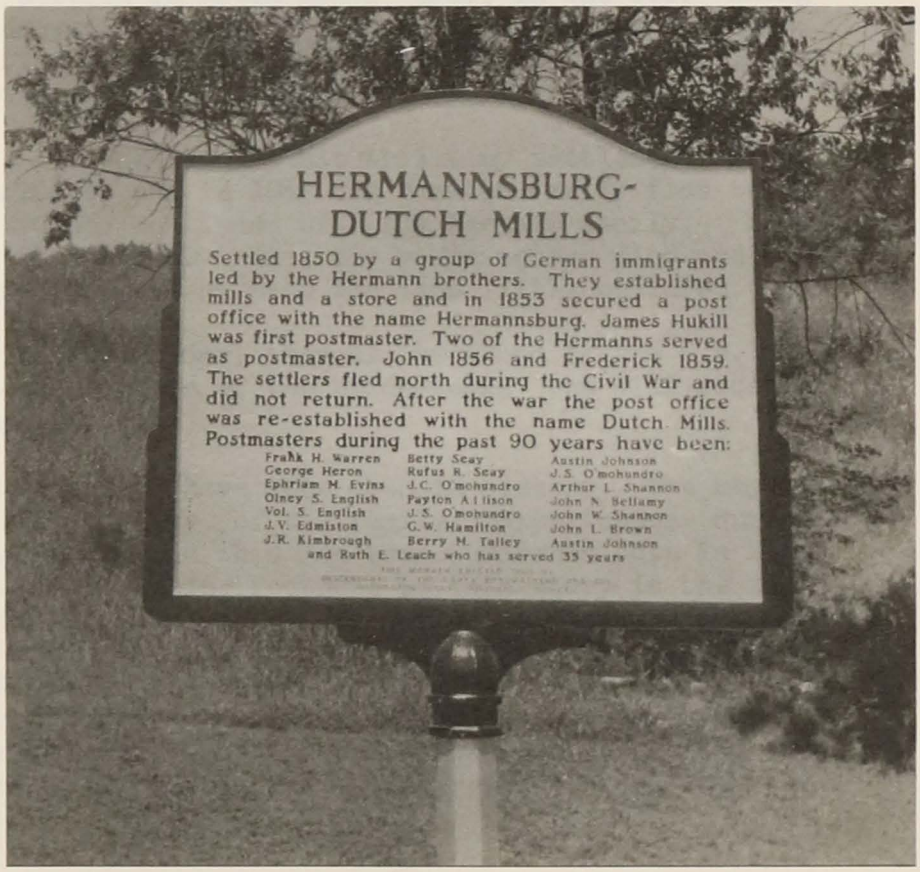
The Springfield (Mo.) Daily News of Aug.12, in its "Over the Ozarks" column, published a review of our WCHS "History of Tontitown" booklet. Quote: "The Washington County Historical Society has made many important contributions to the history of the Ozarks area. This booklet is one of the most interesting." Author of the Springfield Column is Lucile Morris Upton, who holds membership in our WCHS.

(At left:)

Mrs. W. E. Meyer displaying handmade quilt in wedding--ring pattern that was sent to Germany as a wedding gift for Mr. Meyer's half-sister, Miss Monika Meyer, who was married in July and is now Mrs. Neumeier of Stuttgart.

The Washington County, Arkansas angle is this: Monika Meyer Newmeier is the great-granddaughter of Elise Hermann who was born 1853 in Hermannsburg, now Dutch Mills, Ark.

We are reprinting the story as it appeared in the Centre Daily Times, State College, Pa. It was written by Mary B. Rogers, women's page editor. The photo also is by courtesy of the Daily Times.


HERMANNSBURG-
DUTCH MILLS
Settled 1850 by a group of German immigrants led by the Hermann brothers. They established mills and a store and in 1853 secured a post office with the name Hermannsburg. James Hukill was first postmaster. Two of the Hermanns served as postmaster. John 1856 and Frederick 1859. The settlers fled north during the Civil War and did not return. After the war the post office was re-established with the name Dutch Mills. Postmasters during the past 90 years have been:
Frank H. Warren
George Heron
Ephriam M. Evins
Olney S. English
Vol. S. English
J.V. Edmiston
J.R. Kimbrough
Betty Seay
Rufus R. Seay
J.C. O'mohundro
Payton Allison
J.S. O'mohundro
G.W. Hamilton
Berry H. Talley
Austin Johnson
J.S. O'mohundro
Arthur L. Shannon
John N. Bellamy
John W. Shannon
John L. Brown
Austin Johnson
and Ruth E. Leach who has served 35 years

(At right:)

The historical marker erected at Dutch Mills and dedicated July 7. Account of the dedication is on accompanying pages.

A WEDDING GIFT for a GERMAN BRIDE
whose Gr-Grandmother was born in Washington County, Arkansas

by Mary B. Rogers, Centre Daily Times, State College, Pa.

When Monika Meyer of Stuttgart, Germany, was married July 20, one of her wedding gifts was uniquely American -- a hand-made quilt sent from State. College, Pa. Miss Meyer is a half-sister of W. E. Meyer of 705 N.Colmes St., State. College, and though a European, she had an Ameri- great-grandmother.

When news of her approaching marriage reached the Meyers in the U.S., Mrs.Meyer and her husband searched frantically to find a gift for this half-sister which should be "just American." A thorough study revealed that a handmade quilt would be just the gift"because there are no such things made in Europe", Mrs.Meyer said.

She learned of a veteran quilt maker in Tyrone, Mrs. Elmer Singley, and arrangements were made with her for a quilt following the traditional wedding ring pattern. "And now this beautiful and colorful hand made quilt is enroute to Stuttgart, Germany," Mrs. Meyer said,"where Monika will have something truly American to beautify her European home."

The bride-to-be, who is on the editorial staff of the German edition or Reader's Digest, has an excellent command of the English language, Mrs.Meyer explained, a further proof of her blood tie to America. The background of this family, as told by the Meyers, reads like an historical novel.

It all started prior to the Civil War when a colony of homesteaders, mainly from Germany, settled in Dutch Mills, Ark., in the U.S. Among them were Nanni and Johann Hermann, who prospered in their new home. They had a family of five children, one of them Elise, born 1853, who was the maternal great-grandmother of Monika.

Along came the Civil War and tragedy hit this tiny settlement, along with many other communities, and in 1863 the Hermann family fled to St Louis, Mo. However, tragedy continued with the Hermann family. While enroute to the safety of their new home, the young mother died and the grieving father returned to Germany with the five little children.

As these boys and girls got older, they all returned to the U.S. except Elise, the great-grandmother of the bride-to-be who will receive the quilt as a wedding gift.

Those early days in Arkansas have gone down in history, the Meyers pointed out. Nanni kept a diary of the family's experiences during those early days in Arkansas and this has been published both in English and in German. An interesting footnote to this story is the fact that this week, in Dutch Mills, Ark., an historical marker is being erected honoring the early settlers. Among those to be memorialized is the Rev. Wilhelmi, father of Nanni Hermann.

The wedding ring quilt will arouse the bride-to-be to delve into the story of her ancestors and thereby have an interesting story to tell to all of her friends.

MARKERS AT CANE HILL AND IN BENTON COUNTY

On June 30 the Cane Hill Restoration Society erected a Civil War Centennial marker at Cane Hill commemorating the battle of Cane Hill. Speaker was Dr. Davis Richardson. The inscription on the marker reads:

> Late in November 1862, Gen. John S. Marmaduke with 2000 cavalry occupied Cane Hill Ridge. Gen. James G. Blunt with 5000 cavalry and infantry and 30 pieces of artillery met them at dawn on Nov. 28, 1862. Retreating slowly making stands at Boonsboro and Russellville, fighting a rear guard action, Marmaduke drew the Union Army into a narrow defile on the Cove Creek road. This battle raged for nine hours over 15 miles of timber and brush roads. As night fell, Marmaduke withdrew toward Van Buren. Blunt returned to Cane Hill.

On July 7 the Pea Ridge Memorial Association and the Benton County Historical Society dedicated two markers in Benton County, at Camp Walker and at Maysville. Alvin Seamster told the story of Camp Walker and Mrs. Ida M. Tinnin was the speaker at Maysville. The inscriptions on these markers read as follows:

> Camp Walker was established in June 1861, by Nicholas Bart Pearce, a Benton County man, to train recruits from Western Arkansas and the Indian Nation. He was a West Point graduate. Many Arkansas units, Greer's Texas regiment, Hebert's 3d Louisiana, went from this camp to Camp Stephens and on to the battle of Wilson Creek. The training ground covered about two square miles. The marker is set near the officers' quarters on the ridge and a large rocked-up well used by them.
>
> The Battle of Maysville occurred on October 22, 1862. While General James G. Blunt was encamped on the old Pea Ridge battlefield, word came that Gen. Douglas H. Cooper and Stand Watie's Indian regiment were at old Fort Wayne across the line from Maysville. On October 20 he advanced his 2nd and 3rd brigades to Bentonville, On Oct. 21 they moved toward Maysville. Crossing the prairie they found the Confederates lined up on the edge of some timber, a quarter mile from the town. Before his superior force they retreated in disorder, followed by the 6th Kansas Cavalry and the 3d Cherokee regiment for seven miles.

(Editor's note: OurWCHS is sorry over the conflict on July 7 between our own marker dedication at Dutch Mills and the Benton County observance at Maysville. We did not learn of the Maysville observance until a day or two before our own observance. We are proud of the continued efforts of the Pea Ridge Memorial Association to mark historic spots outside the National Park area. As for the Cane Hill marker, our WCHS would have been glad to cooperate if we had known about it. Our understanding was that the Cane Hill Centennial marker would be erected by the Arkansas Civil War Centennial Commission, which has ample funds. So it was quite a shock to find this marker sponsored by the Cane Hill Restoration Society, a group that we thought went out of existence 25 years ago. It never had much money to work with. This slip-up on July 7 can be charged directly to the Arkansas Civil War Centennial Commission, which has failed to coordinate Centennial observances. WCHS will continue to operate on its own -- with the 100th anniversary of Fagan's attack on Fayetteville coming up in October 1964. -- WJL

EARLY MEMORIES OF A FRIEND AND CLASSMATE

by Hattie Williams

It was James M. Barrie I believe who said of memory, "It gives us roses in December."

We were 12-year-old girls playing at recess at the Washington school in Fayetteville, a fascinating new game called "Stealing Bacon." It had been introduced by the newsgirl from Springdale. Her name was Jobelle Holcombe. (We divided into two groups, drew a line and at a fixed distance behind the lines each group placed six sticks. These stocks were the "bacon." If we could steal each other's sticks, one at a time, the game was won. If caught, one had to stand on the other's bacon until rescued.)

About this time, in 1889, my sister Naomi, who was teaching at the Washington school, was elected to a position in the Preparatory Department of the University. At the same time I too went along with my sister Naomi. Jobelle and I had become good friends and for several years were very closely associated in the Prep Department of the University of Arkansas. I remember her at that time as a sensitive,tender hearted girl, retiring and not easily approached. We went through together the normal things enjoyed by teen-agers -- even having our pictures made together by a traveling photographer. I remember going with her to Springdale, where we stayed in the home of her married sister, Mrs. Deaver. We had a wonderful time visiting a hard-shell Baptist revival meeting. There was always something interesting going on when with Jobelle.

Plane Geometry under Prof.G.W.Droke was our most difficult and to me the most rewarding study. When we at last reached Freshman, it was a wonderful day for us.

In those days everyone was required to attend chapel exercises -- a short devotional period led by the professors in turn. An officer of the day stood and read reports of students having demerits. Jobelle and I had always marched to chapel together. It really hurt me when one morning I realized she and Miss Ida Pace's sister wanted to march together. But before this, our ways had begun to separate, she having chosen English as her major, while Math was mine. At this time Miss Ida Pace had been eleeted to Miss Ella Carnall's position as English teacher (Miss Carnall had passed away in March 1894).

By this time our friendship with other girls had broadened. Jobelle had a group about her whom I did not know. A girl from Springdale, Jean Vincenheller, was her best friend now. It was at that time that the Chi Omega fraternity was founded by the girls -- Jean, Jobelle, Allie Simonds and Ina May Boles. Dr. Charles Richardson, a Kappa Sigma from the University of Virginia, assisted them.

I joined another local fraternity, Delta Phi. This in 1903 became Epsilon Chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha, national fraternity which was founded in Virginia. Naturally our ways had separated while we were learning what Life can do to us -- one thing I learned was that when one joins a fraternal organization, one cannot always control its policies or actions as a group. Though we had gone through all this, Jobelle and I were always good friends.

After her graduation in 1898 Miss Holcombe taught in the Fayetteville Public School for a year or two, then in 1901 was elected to the Preparatory Department of the University of Arkansas, where she taught for several years. About this time, she received her M.A. degree from Cornell University. An English teacher, she took courses at various times at Columbia University, the University of Chicago and the University of California. She soon rose to an associate professorship in the University of Arkansas and taught there for 44 years, attaining the rank of full professor before her retirement. She was instrumental in founding Skull and Torch and Lambda Tau societies. She was made an alumna of Phi Beta Kappa and is the first woman whom the University of Arkansas has honored with the LL.D. degree. In 1922 the lovely pageant celebrating the semi-centennial of the founding of the University was written by her.

Among the many honors that came to her -- Holcombe Hall was named for her, in which hangs a lovely portrait of her, painted by a well-known artist of Cincinnati,Ohio. This was given by her niece, Dr. Ruth Lesh, and her family. After retirement, Miss Holcombe devoted her time to Library and Extension work and, being a born teacher, taught for a time at Southwestern University in Memphis. She was a charter member of our Washington County Historical Society and took an active part in the Society's activities.

Her father was the first Mayor of Springdale, and her grandfather had been a minister of the gospel there. Her people at one time owned the entire site of the original Springdale. She was born there Feb.5, 1877. Her name Jobelle is a combination of her parents' names, Joseph and Belle. I remember her mother as a lovely person whom Jobelle resembled greatly. She was personally dainty and had exquisite taste in dress.

Her family attended the Methodist church, then on West Center street in Fayetteville. During her early teens she attended a revival there, showing her interest in religious thought. At the close of her life she had identified herself with the Unitarian Church.

My memory of Miss Holcombe is that of greatness. She was large in every way -- large in physical stature, large in intellect, large in vision and outlook, always identifying herself with progressive movements in the educational world. From her position of influence she could look back on guiding thousands of students to lives of usefulness.

--- J H ---

IN OUR JANUARY ISSUE

FLASHBACK has acquired a copy of the early session minutes of the West Fork Cumberland Presbyterian Church and will publish these in our January 1964 issue. The original records belong to Iva Stockburger of Fayetteville. The minutes of the session were kept by her grandfather, John Calvin Stockburger. The records were copied for us by Bernice Karnes. The session minutes are dated from 1854 to 1906. The West Fork congregation was authorized at a session of Washington Presbytery held in Bentonville October 1854.The first meeting was held at Dye's school house (West Fork) on June 9, 1855. The record contains a list of the members of the West Fork congregation from 1855 to 1877.

In this issue:

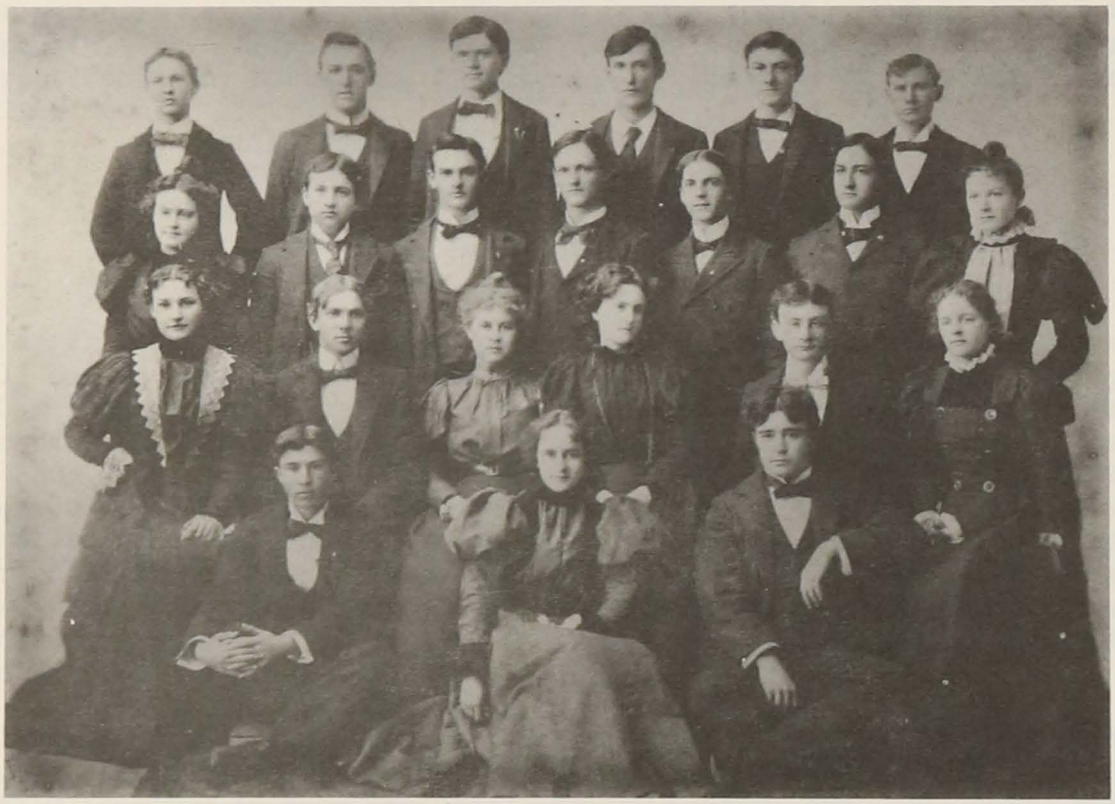
EARLY MEMORIES OF A
FRIEND AND CLASSMATE

by
Hattie Williams

At left:

JOBELLE HOLCOMBE
as a University student.

(Photo courtesy
Elizabeth Ellis)



UNIVERSITY CLASS OF 1898 photographed in its Junior year (1897)

Front row: Willis Ayres, Hattie Williams, J. H. Howard
2nd row: Jobelle Holcombe, Henry Melton, Winona Wiley, Daisy Patterson, Hugh Patterson, Matie Williams
3rd row: Kate Patterson, Albert Beavers, George Askew, Van Smith, Lafayette Bell, J. M. Mitchell, Marnie Spencer
Top row: George Nichols, A. W. McDaniel, C. G. Price, Frank Young, Will Ross, Bob Cummings

ANN FLORENCE WILSON

by Margaret Ann (Smith) Troutman

(Editor's note: Mrs.Troutman, who lives on R.#2, Hazleton, Indiana, is a second cousin, twice removed, of Ann Florence Wilson, noted teacher in the Cherokee Female Seminary at Park Hill. She explains the relationship thus: "Ann Florence Wilson's gr-grandfather, John Robinson (Robison) (Robeson), was my gr-gr-gr-grandfather." A s our readers know, John Robinson was a soldier of the American Revolution and is buried in Thornsberry Cemetery, washington County, Ark. Here is the story of a remarkable woman. -- WJL)

--- W ---

Ann Florence Wilson was born in Benton County, Ark., 1842; she died Aug. 13, 1909 at Armstrong Spring, Ark. She was the daughter of Thaddeus Constantine Wilson and Eliza Jane McKisick. They met at a Masonic ball in Van Buren, Ark. When they were married in 1839, an extra room was built on the old McKisick home in Benton County, so as to have plenty of room for dancing. The dancing continued all night; then the guests stayed for breakfast.

Thaddeus C. Wilson was captain of a steamboat that traveled the Arkansas, up the Ohio and down the Mississippi. Eliza Jane McKisick Wilson was born at Shelbyville, Bedford County, Tenn., but is buried in VanBuren, Ark. Eliza Jane McKisick was the daughter of David and Margaret (Robinson) McKisick. Children of Thaddeus C. and Eliza Jane Wilson were:

1. Myrtilla Oldine Wilson, m. Henry Hennegan
2. Ann Florence Wilson, never married. d. Aug.13, 1909
3. James Montgomery Wilson, m. Mary Alice Moore
4. Eliza Jane Wilson, b. 1847; d. 1861; buried at the old McKisick home.

Ann Florence Wilson was the granddaughter of David McKisick, son of Col. Daniel McKisick and his wife Jane Wilson, both of Lincoln County, N.C. They went to Tennessee in 1807, settling in Bedford County. Her grandfather, David McKisick, was born Dec. 11, 1786 in N.C.; died Nov. 9, 1863; married Oct.27, 1814 to Margaret Robinson, born Dec.11, 1796; died July 23, 1873. David and Margaret (Robinson) McKisick immigrated from Tennessee to Benton County, Ark. in 1835. He was a soldier of the War of 1812 and, along with three of his brothers and two brothers-in-law, took part in the Battle of Horseshoe Bend. He and his brother, Daniel, were wounded by arrows. An arrow, which he himself pulled out, had pierced his side.

Later he was killed without cause by Federal soldiers. His son,Capt. Daniel McKisick, was in the Confederate army. Both are buried in the family cemetery on Spavinaw Creek, Benton County, Ark. His wife, Margaret Robinson McKisick, was the daughter of John and Abigail (Moore) Robinson. Her father was a Revolutionary soldier of Mecklenburg County, N.C. Her mother, Abigail Moore, was the daughter of Moses and Ann Moore of Mecklenburg County, N.C. Margaret Robinson McKisick was born in North Carolina, going to Tennessee with her parents in 1803. She was married to David McKisick in Bedford County, Tenn.

Ann Florence Wilson's gr-grandparents, John and Abigail Robinson went to Benton County, Ark. in 1836. John Robinson died there in 1842, and Abigail Moore Robinson died there in 1846. Both are buried in the Thornsberry Church cemetery, Washington County, Ark.

Jane Wilson McKisick, wife of Col. Daniel McKisick and gr-grandmother of Ann Florence Wilson, was the daughter of James and Margaret Wilson, a wealthy and respected family of North Carolina.

It was Ann Florence Wilson herself who delved into family history and traced her father's side back to one Benjamin who came from Sussex, England to this country in 1650. From him are descended Five Thaddeus Constantines, one of whom was Ann Florence Wilson's father. The first of that name lived in New York State.

Ann Florence Wilson was principal of the Cherokee National Female Seminary at Tahlequah, Okla. for 26 years. The Northeastern State College, successor of the Seminary, has named its girls' dormitory "Florence Wilson Hall." She started teaching there in 1875. This school was founded in 1851, 56 years before Oklahoma became a state, and was founded by the Cherokee Indians. Education with the Cherokees was almost an obsession. The education of the tribe had started back in Georgia and Tennessee where, stimulated by the invention of an alphabet by their tribesman, Sequoyah, and encouraged by their missionaries the Cherokees had established schools and churches and had set up and printed a newspaper, books and pamphlets.

Lack of funds, and the War, closed the Seminary for various periods, but by 1875 the Female Seminary was in good running order and ready to graduate students again. Into this environment, so staunch in its belief in the virtue of education, so ready to receive the gifts of an able teacher, came Florence Wilson, equally devoted to education and doubtless feeling the challenge in the spirit of the founders.

There, in her black tailored dress, with its white collar and cuffs, she stood each fall at the foot of the stairs or walked with dignity up and down the halls, and watched the girls gathering under her tutelage.

These were not girls of her own community, nor even of her nationality. She had come from the neighboring state of Arkansas into the Indian Territory because she was interested in these Indian people. As a child she had seen them on the border of the two lands and although she had started teaching at 16 in her native state, it was not until she had come to their capital, Tahlequah, first as a public school teacher and later as principal of the Female Seminary that her interest in them found its true expression. She was interested in them all, from the girl of full-blood to the girl of one-thirty-second.

Ann Florence Wilson's formal education began at Miss Laura Graham's Select School in Cane Hill, Ark. She continued her education at La-Grange Female College near Jackson, Tenn., from which she was graduated "with honors" at the age of 16. Her diploma may be seen in the Cherokee Museum, John Vaughn Library, Northeastern State College, Tahlequah, Okla. Her education had been sponsored by an aunt, the wife of her uncle and although the uncle had died, money from the aunt's former husband provided for the education. When, years later, Ann Florence Wilson paid for the advanced education of one of her pupils, she was perhaps saying a thank-you to that aunt by marriage, who long ago had made possible Ann Florence's own college education.

In September 1872, at the age of 29, Ann Florence Wilson entered the Oswego Normal School, Oswego, New York. She was graduated from the Elementary Teachers Course in June 1874. The courage to venture in search of education and the desire to have the best the United States had to offer at the time did not end with graduation. Ann Florence Wilson attended summer schools at Oswego and elsewhere(Jacksonville, Ill. or Monteagle, Tenn.) and it is a tribute to her business acumen that, in addition to supporting herself and providing familyand friends with gifts, she was able to attend summer school on her $100-a-month salary 9 months a year, and yet that salary, inadequate as it seems today, was in reality evidence of the foresight and fairness of the Cherokee Board of Education, for the head of Oswego while he was still supervisor of education of New York State, received only $600 a year. Ann Florence Wilson took advantage of the closing of the Seminary through fire and returned to Oswego for further study, graduating from the Advanced English Course in January 1888.

Mathematics was Ann Florence Wilson's hobby; she solved (even after she retired from teaching) intricate problems, instead of reading novels -- just for the fun of it. She was fond of English literature. She enjoyed excellent health. She never had a pain of any kind, except in later life a back-ache, signal no doubt of the liver condition that was to cause her death in 1909 at the age of 67.

Ann Florence Wilson had brown eyes. She wore her hair parted in the middle, braided and tucked into a knot at the nape of her neck. She had a fine sense of humor. Although Ann Florence Wilson as a teacher and principal of a school was stern of manner and held her pupils to rigid rules, she was warm and sympathetic underneath her "public face".

Ann Florence Wilson and her sisters and brother were orphaned in 1848. Ann Florence and Montgomery went to live with their aunt and uncle, the White McClellans, at Cane Hill, Ark. Myrtilla was sent to her aunt and uncle in Indiana, her sister Eliza to her aunt and uncle, Daniel and Sophronia McKisick in Benton County, Ark.

Ann Florence was engaged to be married to Prof.Pleasant W. Buchanan, who was teaching mathematics in Cane Hill College. When the Civil War broke out he raised a company in the school and as Captain led it off to war, leaving behind him his sweetheart. He was killed. Ann Florence kept her wedding dress, of white silk -- until it was burned in the 1887 fire that destroyed the Seminary.

The Cherokees loved her so much that one old Indian woman said,"Miss ilson no white woman -- she Cherokee."

A measure of happiness came to her through nieces, nephews, family and friends. She loved all babies especially babies of those kin to her and her friends. She took a keen interest and pride in the education of her nieces and nephews. She like to give them presents -- a piano, a saddle horse, a hand-tooled saddle -- and then they protested that teaching was hard work, that she earned every dollar of her salary, that they had rather she spent it all on herself and would do the things she had wanted to do for years, she brushed the protest aside and "with tears in her eyes" replied, "What's the use of having nieces and nephews if you can't do things for them?"

Christmas visits at the White McClellan home and summer vacations there and at the home of Uncle Dan and Aunt Sophronia McKisick at the old McKisick homestead on Spavinaw Creek, gave Ann Florence Wilson touches of the intimate home life she seemed to long for. Her family and kin meant much to her. When a niece would sometimes remark that she didn't like such and such persons or found them boring, Ann Florence would look at her sternly and say in a shocked voice, "Oh, you mustn't say that. Why, they are kin to you." And,says the niece, "That settled it; you just didn't criticize your kin."

Ann Florence had what is popularly known as a masculine mind, for she was interested in those things usually, but erroneously, associated with men -- mathematics, politics, administration. She "studied constantly by herself" and when teased about studying in vacation would reply, "But I like to do this." She enjoyed talking to the men of the town -- the lawyers, the local judge, the business men when they came to visit their daughters or came as guests to the monthly receptions. She took a keen interest in national affairs.

The act of legislation passed by the Cherokee National Council in 1846 establishing the Seminaries stated, "Each of the teachers is requested to be a believer in the Christian religion." Ann Florence satisfied this request, for the Tahlequah Arrow said of her in 1901"..... And the secret of her success is attributed to the fact that each day she bowed in humble submission and fervently asked the guidance of an Almighty God."

The Arrow said in further tribute: "It has been said, and truly too, that if the Cherokee Nation should erect a Hall of Fame and place therein the busts of those who have accomplished some great and lasting good for the Cherokees,a likeness of Miss A. Florence Wilson would be among the first to be placed there. It is beyond the power of human ken to conceive the good that she has done in the years that are gone, and the influence of her life work will remain a monument to her."

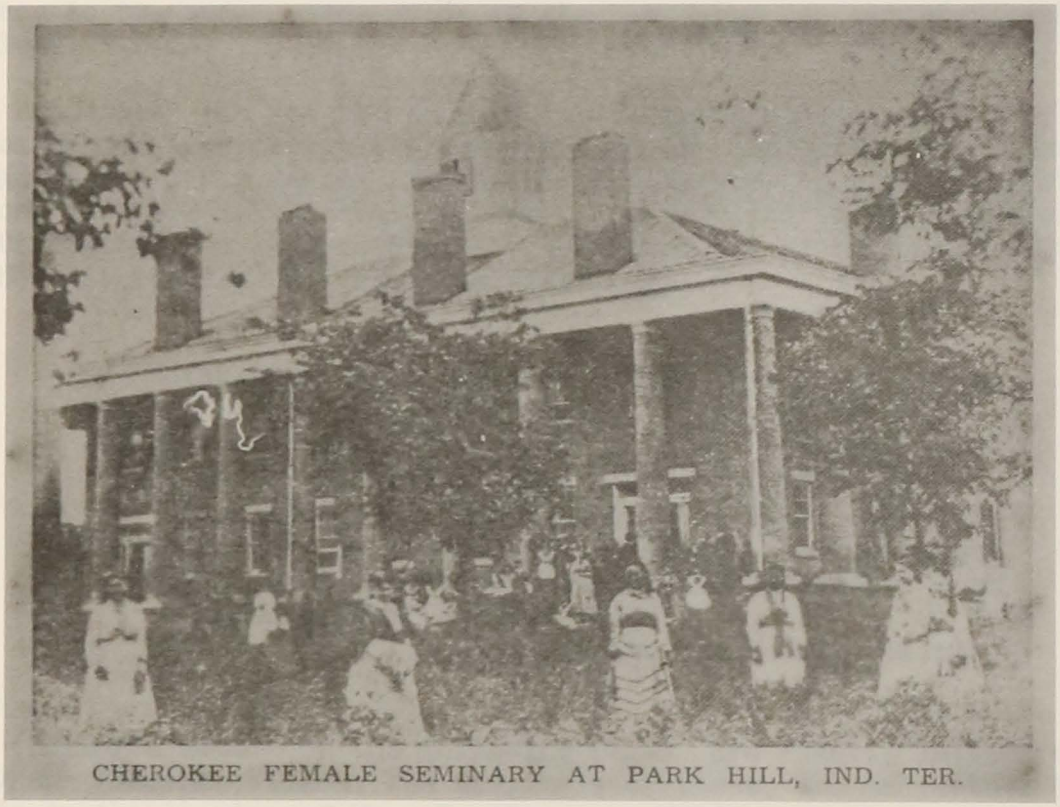
In 1914 Mrs.R.L.Fite, giving the address at the dedication of a memorial column to Miss Wilson, erected in the grounds of Northeastern State College, said: "Her indomitable courage, her great executive ability, the stainless life, her unobtrusive piety have borne rich fruits in characters of Cherokee women who still carry the impress of her noble life."

ANN FLORENCE WILSON

noted teacher
in the Cherokee Female Seminary

See article in this issue
by Margaret Ann Troutman

MISS WILSON



CHEROKEE FEMALE SEMINARY AT PARK HILL, IND. TER.

CHEROKEE FEMALE SEMINARY at PARK HILL, I.T.

Carolyn Thomas Foreman, in "Park Hill" says: "No name in the Cherokee Nation is held in more loving remembrance than that of Miss A. Florence Wilson who devoted 26 years of her life in the education of Cherokee young women; she made such a deep impresion on the pupils who came under her influence that they can be recognized even today by their dignity and poise."

In 1901, Ann Florence Wilson retired from the Academy. She lived with relatives in Springfield, Mo. for a year or so; then she went as a classroom teacher to Willie Halsill College, Vinita, Okla. But she was not satisfied there and remained only one year. She made her home in later years with her sister Myrtilla and family in LittleRock, Ark. Ann Florence owned the house and built on an extra upstairs room for herself.

In August 1909, Ann Florence went to Armstrong Springs, where she, "to whom kin meant so much", was to die -- away from home and among strangers. She had gone "more for rest than for treatment" and neither her family nor she herself realized how ill she was. This writer has a number of letters written by Ann Florence to her cousing, Mary Abigail (Robinson) Doak in Benton County, Ark., stating that she is losing so much weight that she will have to make all her clothes over unless she starts to gain it back soon. The letter is dated July 12, 1906.

At the hotel she met a nurse on vacation. They became good friends. When Ann Florence became suddenly worse, the nurse realized the seriiousness of her condition and took care of her,never leaving her. Seeing that Ann Florence was dying, the nurse asked her if there was anything she wanted done, any message she wanted given to relatives and friends. The tears came to her eyes. She shook her head, turned her face to the wall, and died as she had lived -- uncommunicative and alone.

But that was not the end of Ann Florence Wilson. There will be a measure of immortality for her as long as the splendid influence she had on her girls passes from mother to daughter to granddaughter -- as long as there is interest in the Cherokees and their educational institutions, as long as students go in and out of that door that bears above it the legend, "Florence Wilson Hall."

(Most of the above information came to me from the book "A.Florence Wilson, Friend and Teacher", by Lola Garrett Bowers and Kathleen Garrett, published by Rockett's Printers, Tahlequah, 1951.
(Ann Florence Wilson's gr-grandfather, John Robinson, was my gr-gr-gr-grandfather. That makes our relationship second cousins, twice removed. I am so proud of such a kinswoman.
Margaret Ann (Smith) Troutman)

(Editor's note: On the following pages are several letters written by Ann Florence Wilson. The originals of these, and many other letters, are in the keeping of Mrs. Troutman. -- WJL)

Letter from Ann Florence Wilson to her cousin, Mary A. Doak

524 West 15th, Little Rock, Ark.
March 6, 1906

Dear Cousin Mary:

Your letter was received in due time but I had been consumed with curiosity for two days before it came, to know what you would have to say in it. A letter from Aunt S. two days previous had brought the news of her marriage and poor Mattie's death. For days I could not keep my mind off the two events, no matter where I was or what I was doing the first thing I would be thinking of Spavinaw. Aunt S. said you remained till two o'clock and I got it into my head you stayed until after they were married. She never said one word about when or by whom they were married. She just said she was married on the 19th. Said she offered to take you up to Andrew's but told you that you could do as you pleased about staying for the wedding. I see now that she did not mean that. She said that I had seen her man but that he had on his rough every-day clothes, but she knew I would like him.

She told about getting an egg next day after I left and said she got enough to make a cake the day they were married. Earl and Troy came over the next night after they were married, fired off some big guns, came in and called for some cake. She gave them the plate, they took and left, went by Mr. James's, gave them some cake, went on home and all had some of it there. Earl brought the plate and part of the cake back next day. Well, if it was like all the cake I ever saw her make, no wonder he brought part of it back.

. . . . . .

I had a letter from Montgomery yesterday and he said Mack Looney was at his house a few days before that and was talking of running down to see you to learn all he could about his kinfolks. Montgomery wanted to know your nearest railroad station. I have just answered the letter and given both your post office and the nearest depot. Montgomery learned when last in Sedalia that the man who bought Cousin Ianthe's house did not wait for the trial to come up in court but sent an officer to tell Belle that if she did not get out next day he would put her things in the street and she got out. Perry Looney has moved to New Orleans. You knew he was living in Memphis.

My church is having a revival now. Two weeks ago the Cumberland preacher at DeQueen and 90 of his members joined your church there. The preacher was Mr. Hogan; he was at Siloam Springs for some time. I saw him at Presbytery while he was at Siloam. He has very little education but is a good manager and a good mixer. You will read all about it in your church paper. Dr. Milster was the Presbyterian minister in charge of your church. I think he used to be in Nevada, Mo. when Montgomery lived there.

Gov. (Jeff) Davis' father was buried yesterday at Russellville. Mrs. Davis was quite sick about the time I came home. She is better but not well yet. Mr. Jones says he can't tell how the Primaries are going. He says half of the men who come from the smaller towns will tell him that Davis losing and Berry is gaining and the other half will give it just the other way. Mr. Jones himself is against Davis and willing to

believe anything against him but he has seen Davis win out so completely in the state that he has become skeptical of anybody bearing Davis. I don't know whether to send this to Vaughn or to Gentry. I guess I will decide on Gentry. If you are still with Mag Kerr, give her my best love. Now I hope you may be feeling well when this reaches you and able to write another long letter. With love for yourself, your nephews and their wives, I will close. Cousin Florence

--- W ---

(Excerpt from letter dated 524 W.15th St., Little Rock, Apr.6, 1906)

I was reading the paper this morning when I came across an account of the Cumberland Church at Clarendon uniting with the Presbyterian church. You will read about it in your church paper. You don't know how glad I am that I did not excite myself over this union question. Political elections are enough for me to worry over. I forgot to tell you that we carried this county for Berry and Rogers. The folks here voted for Rogers because he fought Davis. Berry's majority was not large, as his friends had to go against the whisky and gamblingelement in addition to Clark's friends and all that had some object in being Davis men.

--- W ---

(Excerpt from letter dated 7 West 92 St., New York City, Jan. 20, 1909)

When I wrote you I hadn't the remotest idea of coming to New York. I had a letter from my sister's daughter here asking me to spend the winter with her and urging me to come right away. The cold weather has set in and with the gloomy weather came the blues to me. I had expected to visit a good deal in the Territory (Okla) on my way back but remained so long in Springfield that I felt as though I did not want to go to either Ark. or the Terr. in cold weather when everything was dying and gloomy. So I decided to come here and go to see you and the Terr. folks in the glad spring or summer time.

There are many fine churches and much fine singing in New York. My niece's husband is fond of singing, so he hunts out the churches that have the good singing. He took me to one that proved to be the oldest church organization (Reformed Church) in New York, to hear a very fine baritone. I wrote to Alice I preferred a certain Missouri Methodist preacher's loud and hearty singing to the very fine singing of the New York choir. I went another Sunday to the Episcopal Church, where all the Vanderbilts and big bugs go. I haven't been to a single Presbyterian Church yet. Madge is an Episcopalian and her husband a Baptist, so they go more to those churches. I am going to the church Rockefeller attends while here. You know he is a good Baptist.

You know that Mr. Ragland is in Springfield. I saw him on the street several times. You know the young folks in his church grew tired of him and so he had to get out and hunt another field. What a pity that folks have to grow old.

I think now that I will go to Little Rock in March or by the tenth of April at least. I hope you have kept well since the cold weather set in. Let me hear from you soon. Give my love to all the kin.

Your cousin, Florence Wilson

--- W ---

EDITORIAL

WHY NOT AN OUTDOOR THEATER FOR BATTLEFIELD PARK?

We have learned that the Prairie Grove Battlefield Commission, a state agency, has given up its plan to construct an outdoor theater in Battlefield Park. The site is a natural amphitheater, with a superb 200-foot natural stage that has a backdrop of forest trees. The theater could seat 2 or 3,000 spectators.

The reason for dropping the outdoor theater project, as explained to us by a member of the Commission, is that very little use would be made of such a facility. Our Washington County Historical Society, which participated in the development of Battlefield Park from its beginning, regrets this decision of the Park Commission.

We feel that the Commission lacks imagination. An annual Easter sunrise service alone would justify construction of the outdoor theater. And there are many other possibilities - patriotic, musical, dramatic, religious - that would attract people from far and near.

HOW MUCH DID THE BATTLE OF FOURCHE BAYOU COST?

The 100th anniversary of the battle of Fourche Bayou and the occupation of Little Rock was observed Sept. 10, by a re-enactment of the fight. Participating were several uniformed groups, including the Hindman Raiders of Washington County and several groups from other states. We have been told that the Arkansas Centennial Commission appropriated $3,000 for this observance. We think this was a mistake. The $3,000 is gone and there is nothing to show for it. How much better it would have been to place historical markers at the appropriate sites, so that, for years to come, tourists and passers-by could read the account of this Civil War action.

US ENGINEERS MOVE CEMETERIES WITH CARE AND DIGNITY

As most of our readers know, the US Corps of Engineers have moved many cemeteries from locations that will be flooded after the completion of dams and filling of reservoirs. G.R.Turrentine of Russellville has obtained a list of the cemeteries that have been moved and the names of the burials, in the Dardanelle area. He writes: "This work was done so carefully and in such a dignified manner that relatives and friends, who had dreaded the ordeal, were agreeably surprised and satisfied." All honor to the US Engineers. Since some 30 or more cemeteries have been moved in the Beaver Dam area, we suggest that our friends on the BentonCounty Pioneer report on the work there.

HAS LOCAL HISTORY BECOME A "SPECTATOR SPORT"?

An office visitor ventured the opinion that local history (city and county) has become pretty much a "spectator sport". Meaning that folks like to read it but not many work at it. He called our attention to the archaeologists, who spend many hours digging in Indian sites or on their collection of artifacts. And the genealogists, who travel far and work hard to collect vital statistics and work even harder to fit these into their family history. We don't know the answer. But we do know that Washington County has a most romantic history -- education, transportation, mills, war, social life, churches, law and politics, the fine arts, medicine and dentistry. Just as a challenge -- will someone write the history of dentistry in Washington County? It could be most interesting.

-- W.J.Lemke

THE TIGARDS OF TIGARD, OREGON

(Editor's note: I have known some of the pioneer families of West Fork, Washington County, Ark. a long time (35 years), especially the Bloyeds, Yoes, Gilbreaths and others. But I had never heard of the Tigards. This was because most of the Bloyeds, Yoes et al remained in Arkansas, while the Tigards, Harers and other West Fork families made the overland trek to Oregon in 1852. And stayed there.

(I learned that there is a town named Tigard in Oregon and asked Bert C. Yoes of Washougal, Wash., a long-time member of our Society to tell us about the Tigards. He wrote to his cousin, Miss Bernice Karnes of our Society, and enclosed the material that appears below. -- WJL)

--- T ---

The following is copied from a book in the main library of Portland, Oregon -- "Pen Pictures from the Garden of the World").

Wilson M. Tigard came to Oregon in 1852. He was born in Fort Smith, Ark., 7 September 1826. His grand-parents emigrated from North Ireland and his grandfather was a Revolutionary patriot. After the war he settled in Georgia and married. He had a son, Hugh Tigard, who married Frances McLeland in her native state of Georgia in 1820. She was born 22 June 1790 and died and was buried in Tigard, Oregon, 22 June 1880. Hugh Tigard had fought under General Jackson at New Orleans. Hugh and Frances were the parents of four children,

Wilson M. Tigard was the oldest.
A.J.Tigard lived in the state of Wisconsin when this was published.
Mrs. Emily Tygard Doblebower of Columbia, Oregon
(No mention of the fourth child.

Wilson M. Tigard married Mary Ann Yoes in Washington County, Ark., 17 March, 1850. She was the daughter of Rev. Wm. Conrad Yoes of Washington County, Ark. Mary Ann (Yoes) Tigard was born 29 July 1830 and died in Tigard, Oregon, February 1899. Their son John, born in Fort Smith, Ark. 12 April 1852, died at Tigard, Oregon 12 April 1931. His wife Sophia, born 1838, died 1917.

Wilson M. Tigard and his wife Mary Ann ("Aunt Polly") started west with five yoke of oxen, a cow, and a wagon, across the Plains. With them was his mother, a brother, two sisters with their husbands. Each of the married couples had a child. They just missed an Indian massacre and arrived at The Dalles, Oregon, 12 October 1852.

Wilson Tigard came to Sandy, Oregon, on a flat-boat. He went to Milwaukie, Oregon, got a job driving a logging team, broke a rib, could not work, so walked to where he located a claim in what is known as Twalitace Valley, about 30 miles south of Portland. A village grew up known as Tigardville, later known as Tigard. He arrived at his new home 5 December 1852. He died 13 August, 1882.

Wilson and Mary Ann Tigard had ten children born to them in Oregon. At the time this was written, four sons and two daughters were living but are now deceased.

Adaline married a Milton P. Smith.

Emiline, when 5 years old, her clothes caught fire, she was badly burned and died.

Gertrude married C. S. Gault, had two children. Gertrude died at the age of 28.

Fannie K. married James Marion and resided at Farmington, Oregon
Charles F. owned a portion of the donation claim and raised hops. There's a school on the Speedway to Salem named for him.
Abraham Lincoln died of diphtheria in his 13th year.
Conrad had a portion of the donation claim.
Hugh B. was a merchant at Fulton, a suburb of Portland, Oregon.
John, the oldest, born in Fort Smith, Ark., farmed on part of the original claim. He had two sons, Frank and Jesse.
Charles F. Tigard, born 15 February 1862, died 1942; married Rosa J. Hohman who was born 19 May 1870 and was still living two years ago.

The Tigards were quite a clan. I can recall John, AuntPolly Tigard's oldest son, visiting us at Alma, Ark. in 1898. One evening he asked me what kind of birds were singing. "Birds", I said, "those are little bullfrgos down in Frog Bayou." I laughed. He said they had nothing like that out in Oregon.

--- T ---

Miss Bernice Karnes,
Dear Cousin of Mine:

I am enclosing some Tigard family history. I was over at Tigard, Oregon two years ago and collected a lot of dates. Will go back soon and clarify a few things. There's an Aunt Rose, wife of a Charlie Tigard, son of John, who is a big help. She's in her 90s but bright as a new dollar. Has a son, a banker in Tigard, and a daughter, school teacher, who has been to Europe and was planning a trip to the Holy Land soon. There are doctors and lawyers in the family. Dad and Mother visited them in 1907, the year my brother Jimmy and I headed for the China station, so we did not see them. I heard them tell about the Tigards but having never known them, took no interest.

Of course the Yoes line interests me most. I am hung up on two great aunts, Aunt Rose and Aunt Cynthia. The birth and death dates have to be known to positively identify a person. I hope to come back toArkansas and check with you. I've been negligent the last two years because I could not get Rev. Conrad Yoes' line complete. But now I'm genealogical chairman here and must practice what I urge. Genealogical meetings held in the Library at Portland.

I am glad the Salt Lake folks have learned about the Arkansas Genealogical Society and its Arkansas Family Historian. That surely is a wonderful magazine. Keep up the good work. Enclosed is $3 for next year's membership. Have already renewed my subscription to Flashback, and have ordered the book on the Shibley Letters.

Bert C. Yoes, Washougal, Wash.

The Secretary Says

OUR PUBLICATIONS IN LIBRARIES. Along with adding to the files of some Society members, we have been able to complete the volumes of FLASHBACK for several libraries, notably the University of Arkansas, University of Oklahoma, Duke University and the University of Texas. B ut we are short on back numbers from 1951 through 1954 and again from 1959 through 1962.

THE FUNKHOUSERS IN WASHINGTON COUNTY

by Ruth Holt Payne, Lincoln, Ark.

Henry Funkhouser, with his family and a number of slaves, arrived in northwest Arkansas about 1830. Originally, they were from Pennsylvania but it is believed they came here from the South, probably from Tennessee, as did most of the settlers in this area.

He acquired a vast acreage in what is now known as the Sugar Hill district (so called because of the many sugar maple trees there at one time), located about two miles west of Lincoln. This was in the good old days of plenty of water and no less than four springs gushed from the rocky hillsides. One of these once dependable springs is now quite dry, for the first time in anyone's memory.

As this was before the Homestead Law was passed in 1862, we assume that Mr. Funkhouser adquired his land by one of the methods common at the time.The first land offices in Arkansas opened in 1820 at Arkansas Post and Davidsonville and before this, land was dispersed through the Washington Land Office. These new state offices handled government land, selling at no less than $2 an acre, turning the money received over to the U.S. government.

Bounties of 160 acres were given to veterans of the War of 1812, called Land Grants or Warrants. Still another method used by the settlers was to find a suitable piece of land and exercise "squatter's rights", staying there and developing the land and later they would acquire title to it by a more regular method. This was no violation of the law, because the government was anxious to have the land settled.

What method Henry Funkhouser used at first to acquire his land is not known but by 1845 he had received a government deed to it. In 1836 he was listed in the tax records as owning 10 slaves and in 1856 as owning 19. Sugar Hill cemetery was started as a Funkhouser family cemetery and there are several graves, marked by uninscribed sandstones, where slaves are buried. Only one slave's grave has a marble tombstone with the inscription, "Amanda, wife of Jack Funkhouser, 1853." The earliest date on any tombstone is that of Rebecca Barker (a Funkhouser) who died in 1847.

Henry Funkhouser and his family did much for the development of this part of the country. He was one of the first orchardists, having set many acres in a variety of apples. There was a store and blacksmith shop on his place and relics of the blacksmith shop were recently found by the present owner.

Henry's son, Dr.Jacob Funkhouser, later moved this store to Summers, Ark. by ox team. This is believed to have been the first store in the area and it was established in his home. Dr. Jacob was the first resident physician there and was responsible for the first church, called Forest Hill -- appropriately enough, as it stood on a wooded hill. The building is believed to have been used as the first school also. At the last account it was still standing -- but being used as a barn. Dr. Jacob owned one of the largest farms in Summers, about 600 acres. He married Elizabeth Cole.

An interesting story concerning Dr. Jacob has been handed down through the generations. In 1854 a George Harnage was robbed and killed on the Cherokee line. The outlaw, John Work, was suspected and a warrant for his arrest was sent out from Fayetteville, but he had already hidden out.

Fearing apprehension, he decided to steal Dr. Jacob's fine mare and get away. He managed to make friends with one of the doctor's slaves, called Sam. He told Sam he would take him north with him if he would help him; his plan was to kill the doctor and steal his mare. Sam agreed and supplied the outlaw with food where he was hidden nearby. A s time went by and no opportunity to kill the doctor presented itself Work became impatient and threatened to kill Sam if he didn't provide such an opportunity.

No doubt Sam was thoroughly frightened and he proceeded to confess the whole dastardly plot to Dr. Jacob, who promptly sent word to the sheriff. The doctor then ordered his slave to tell Work that he would be riding in a certain field at a certain time. Instead, he, with the sheriff and his posse, hid nearby to await developments. After a while Work and the slave made their appearance. At the first shot from the hidden men, Work realized Sam had betrayed him and, drawing his Bowie knife, he lunged at him. He was shot before he reached Sam and died a little later.

Henry Funkhouser's estate at Sugar Hill was held by his heirs for a time after his death in 1866 but was eventually sold to F.H.Malloy. Malloy sold parts of it to T. Evans and J. S. Bates. Bates, seeing a possibility in the cold spring water and the locality for a resort, built a hotel on the hill. Evidently the resort project failed and the hotel is now the residence of Stirling Pitts, one of the Pitts brothers who now own the acreage surrounding it -- 314 acres of the original estate.

With the death of John Jacob (called Jay) Funkhouser in 1955, the name has vanished from these parts. The only surviving members here are Mrs. Audrey Parks and her sister, Mrs. Ethel Brewster of Summers, granddaughters of Dr. Jacob. They have a sister, Mrs.Virginia Douglas of St.Louis, Mo. who has a daughter and, at last account, two grandchildren.

Although the name is gone, old-timers are reminded of the Funkhousers when they see such relics as the iron medicine urn they brought here and the decrepit old church building -- and realize these distinguished early citizens left their mark on Washington County in other ways as well.

--- F ---

OLD LINCOLN NEWSPAPER

The WCHS has acquired a copy of the Lincoln Weekly Banner, published Nov. 20, 1903. It is Volume 2 Number 22. George N. Barnes was editor. Merchants who advertised in the issue included W.D. McGaugh, Reed's Drug Store, Lincoln Mercantile Co., Bennett & Son, King & Co., Bank of Lincoln ($20,000 capital). Directors of the Bank of Lincoln were W.S. Moore, C.L.Burns, J.A.Leach, F.P.Earle, J.J.Baggett. T.L.McColloch was cashier. D.Howard offered apple and peach trees for sale,and 100,000 Mitchell strawberry plants.

THE SECRETARY SAYS

WE SEEK NEW MEMBERS. If you have friends or relatives who should be members of the Society, why not send in a gift membership or two, or tell them what a big bargain in Washington County History they receive for $3. And to make the bargain a bigger one, we will give a copy of this issue of Flashback to each new member for 1964 enrolled by the end of December -- as long as the supply lasts.

ARCHAEOLOGY OF NORTHWEST ARKANSAS. A good many of our Society members also belong to the Northwest Arkansas Archaeological Society, as they have become interested in the pre-history of the area. With soil conservation projects, superhighway development, and water reservoirs, many of the Indian rock shelters and village sites are being destroyed. But there is more to be explored yet than there are professional people to do the work. That's where the amateur archaeologists come in. If interested, write to H.R.McPherson, Route 8, Fayetteville, Ark. for information.

THIS IS THE FOURTH and last issue of FLASHBACK for 1963. List of our 1963 members and announcement of our annual meeting (in January) will appear in the Secretary's December newsletter.

THE CALIFORNIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY has sent us a copy of its annual directory (1963). This Society publishes a list of "Special Projects" on which their members are working. We invited our WCHS members to adopt a special project, on which other members may be able to help, by furnishing information. Some suggestions for such projects:

Washington County's company (Enyart's) in the Mexican War
History of the Western Methodist Assembly on Mt.Sequoyah
Photographers of Washington County from 1870 to the present
Northwest Arkansas troops in the Korean War
History of the Catholic Church in Washington County
The flu epidemic of 1918
Newspapers of Washington County from 1840 to 1963.

ONE OF OUR WCHS MEMBERS has a uhique hobby - collecting pictures and information about railroads in Washington and neighboring counties. He is Marion Bayles of Green Acres Road, Fayetteville. He has loaned us some of his pictures for copying. We plan to run, in the next issue of FLASHBACK, the pictures of vanished depots, including those at Farmington, PrairieGrove, Brentwood, Elkins, Durham, and others. Mr.Bayles would be pleased to hear from any reader having old railroad pictures of this area.

ALSO COMING UP in an early issue will be photographic reproductions of some rare old Arkansas maps, to show the change in size and shape of Washington, Benton, Madison, Carroll, and other northwest Arkansas counties. These maps are in the map collection of the University of Arkansas Library and were copied for us by W.J. Good, who is a member of our Society.

Our 12-year Index of FLASHBACK is nearing completion and should be ready early in January. Secretary Carter is doing the work. Editor WJ Lemke is working on a list of several thousand photographs in the WCHS files. We have the negatives for most of these pictures and copies will be available as soon as the list is completed.

OUT OF P.O. VOX 372

GUY O. INKS, PO Box 48, Alamogordo, New Mexico, sends a photo copy of a communication from the librarian of the California Historical Society, regarding the death of Jackson Inks and his wife. The information is as follows:

"Jackson Inks, came to California in 1849, settled in Tehama County; died 1860; wife died 1859; this is mentioned on page 555 of Memorial and Biographical History of Northern California, 1891. Death notice of Mrs. Jackson Inks (she died at Liver Creek, Tehama County, 1859), is in the Red Bluff Beacon, Sept. 14, 1859."

C. Jackson Inks was the father of Sam Patton Inks and Robert Inks, Confederate soldiers of Cane Hill who were killed in anambush slaying during the Civil War. The Inks brothers are believed to be buried in the Cane Hill cemetery. There are many stories about Capt. Patton Inks that we hope to publish. Guy O. Inks of New Mexico is now working on the Inks family history.

MRS. FRANK CLINE, who edits the Newletter of the Garland County Historical Society, sends us the September issue which announces publication of the Annual Record. The Record contains such interesting articles as 1840 Census of HotSprings County, Coming of the Railroads, Elias Rector 1785-1822, Behind the Scenes at Oaklawn, Diary of Larkin Nelson, and many more. There's also a name index. The Record sells for $3 and may be ordered from the Garland County Historical Society, 914 Summer St., Hot Springs, Ark.

MRS. LONNIE WEBB, 2372 Brussells, North Bend, Oregon, wrote to the Fayetteville postmaster who forwarded her letter to us. She writes: "Please send me the name of someone in your historical society and the address of your city library. I'm ancestor hunting. I want to know more about the Martin Randleman listed in the US Census of 1840. He's supposed to have been a Revolutionary War veteran and his grave (age 79 in 1840) marked by the local chapter of the DAR. A Martin Randleman of that age and description is believed to be my Gr-gr-gr-grandfather. We're doing a family history."

MRS. DUNCAN B. BROWN Jr., 7819 Harmon Drive, Little Rock, wrote us 14 August: "While researching in the archives in Raleigh, N.C., I came across the following Arkansas item. It may help someone working on this particular line: Lincoln Co., N.C. Wills, page 24, Will of Lawson Henderson Jr. of Town of Batesville, Independence Co., State of Arkansas, 6th of August 1839. Mentions brothers William and James, sister Jane, friends David Reinhart and Thomas Hews of Batesville. ~~00~~ This Lawson Henderson was son of Lawson Sr. who married Elizabeth Carruth in Lincoln Co., N.C. July 25, 1798. I have senior's will and wills of other Hendersons of this area as well. Lawson Henderson Sr. was county clerk in his day and quite wealthy."

JOHN L. FERGUSON, executive secretary of the Arkansas History Commission, sends us the September issue of his Newsletter. He announces, among recent acquisitions, microfilm copies of Memphis newspapers 1836 to 1890 and a collection of letters and maps pertaining to Arkansas railroading in the 1870s. He also announces continued microfilming of Arkansas newspaper files (Gentry, Gravetter, Decatur, Cherokee City and Fordyce) and the purchase of microfilms of US Census of all available states and territories 1790-1820. Mr. Ferguson's address is Old State House, Little Rock, Ark.

That's it, for 1963. Ye Ed